

Adair County News

VOLUME XXVI

COLUMBIA, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY DEC. 5, 1922.

NUMBER 7

Basket Ball Games.

Last Wednesday the Monticello Basket ball team reached Columbia and at night it engaged the High School team in the latter's gym. A large audience was in attendance and a close game was expected. However, the home team proved too strong for Monticello and the contest closed the High School team having 81 scores to its credit and the visiting team 25. This was the first time that Monticello had been beaten by the Columbia team for seven years.

Monticello remained over and on Thanksgiving night this team went up against Jamestown. It did not prove to be as interesting as the first game, and when it closed Jamestown had recorded 36 scores and Monticello 12.

These two games were evidently disappointing to the visiting aggregation as Monticello has the reputation of having one of the fastest and most successful teams of this part of Kentucky.

It was a very enjoyable meeting all round; and notwithstanding the Monticello boys were defeated, they were given a good time by the young people of Columbia, and a warm handshake by the Jamestown boys.

Select your Christmas presents now while the stock is full.

Russell & Co.

The Dance.

The dance at the Paramount Theater, last Wednesday night was very well attended, there being couples here from Jamestown, Russell Springs, Liberty, Monticello, Campbellsville and Louisville. It did not start until after the ball game which ended about 9 o'clock. Crow's Orchestra, of Bardonia, furnished the music. It wound up about 3 o'clock Thursday morning. We are told that the order was very good, and that those who participated enjoyed the occasion.

A Complete line of Overcoats. Sheep wool lined coats and Corduroy suits. Prices right.

H. Taylor.

Valuable Information.

The County Court Clerk, has just received a set (9 volumes) of the Birth and Death Directory for the five year period from 1911 to 1915 inclusive. Approximately a half million names are indexed therein. The information contained in these volumes is "Prima facie" evidence in all Courts, and these records will be kept in the County Clerk's office as other public records are now kept for the benefit of the public.

Respt.,

S. C. Neat, Clerk A. C. C.

The best brands of coffee and best quality of sugar at Conover's store. Everything else kept in the grocery line.

Mr. Luther Potts and family, who lived near Greelsboro, have removed to near Columbia. Mr. Potts bought of Kelly Jones the storehouse near Long View, and 13 acres of land for \$1,800. Mr. Potts will remodel the store house for a dwelling. He is a fine citizen and an active trader.

Nice lines of Hosiery, Neckwear, Gloves and Sweaters at Russell & Company.

Irregularity in the bowel movements makes you feel uncomfortable and leads to a constipated habit which is bad. Herbine is the remedy you need. It restores healthy regularity. Price, 60c. Sold by Paul Drug Co. Adv.

Everything in the grocery line, fresh at Conover's new store, next to Paul Drug Co.

Mr. Eugene Graham has removed to Columbia and is occupying the residence on Bomar Heights, he recently purchased of Mr. J. M. Reed.

Trade at Home.

The merchants of this town must have the support of the buying public, in order to keep the town going ahead; so then if home town stores can supply your needs, and investigation will prove that they can, it is your duty to give preference to your own home town. The pride that every resident has in his or her home city should be the strongest reason for Trading at Home and encouraging local enterprise in every possible way.

Out of town stores and mail order houses do not pay a dollar of taxes in our town. They and their employees do not support our churches, they do not deposit in our banks, nor do they contribute in any way to the support of our local institutions, as Columbia merchants do.

How long could our town continue to progress or attract new residents if it had an inefficient, backward, deserted business section. If the people withdraw their support from our business establishments, it would not take long for the town to deteriorate into a country village.

They are receiving liberal support from the residents of Columbia and vicinity, but there are a number who, from thoughtless and habit, persist in going out of town or ordering from mail order houses, those things they could buy just as satisfactorily and as economically right here in town. We do not ask anyone to buy anything that they can get elsewhere to better advantage, but they do ask you to let them serve you, feeling confident that no other store in another city can give better qualities, wider assortment or fairer prices.

You help yourself, when you trade at home.

Public Sale.

Thursday, Dec. 7, 1922, at my farm near Craycraft, Ky., I will sell to the highest bidder: 4 head of work horses; 4 mules; 2 milk cows; 27 head of hogs; 2 farm wagons (Weber and Bain); 1 buggy, good as new; 2 sets of buggy harness; farm implements, consisting of: Plows of all kinds, wheat drill, Disk Harrow, A Harrow; a lot of Garden tools; a lot of plow and Wagon Harness; About 100 barrels of corn; twenty or thirty thousand pounds of hay; 2 logging outfits, consisting of, Bolsters, Chains, Cant-hooks, Snaking Tongs, and many other things not mentioned above.

Those desiring time on purchases of sums over \$10.00, will be given up to 12 months, upon the execution of a note negotiable and payable at the Bank of Columbia, bearing interest at the rate of 6 per cent. from date until paid.

U. M. Grider.

L. B. Hurt, Auctioneer.

Miss Stora Hutchinson, who is teaching in Nelson County, gave her family quite a pleasant surprise last week end by coming in for a two day visit and bringing guests with her. A party was given for them Saturday night and quite a number of the young folk helped to make it a very enjoyable occasion.

Lunch at all hours served at Conover's grocery store.

A remedy that will penetrate is necessary in the treatment of rheumatism. Ballard's Snow Liniment goes right through the flesh to the bone and relieves promptly. Three sizes, 30c, 60c and \$1.20 per bottle. Sold by Paul Drug Co. Adv.

My Holiday goods are arriving daily. See my stock before you buy. The prices are right.

H. Taylor.

Field Day.

In Prof. Geo. Aaron's school, near Cynthia, the pupils of his school, twenty-five schools having entered the contests, won fifty-one points. His son, Ores, 13 years old, won 17 points.

Co-Operative Tobacco Warehouse to Open Monday, Dec. 11th.

The Columbia Plant of the Burley Tobacco Growers Co-operative Association will open for the receipt of Burley tobacco, on Monday, December 11th, 1922.

The books for registering deliveries are now open and growers should communicate with the office when their crop is ready and they will be assigned a date for delivery. DO NOT BRING YOUR TOBACCO UNTIL YOU HAVE BEEN GIVEN A DATE.

All tobacco should be delivered on the stick. Be sure to keep your different grades separate on the wagon, and it will be very much to the advantage of the Association, as well as the grower, if whole crops are delivered at one time. However, during the month of December any quantity you may deliver will be received.

This opening date applies to Burley only. The date for receiving Dark Tobacco will be announced later.

G. R. REED, Manager.

Notice.

I have a nice line of gingham and other kinds of dress goods, also Brown and Bleached muslins, a full assortment of notions, and complete stock of staples and fancy groceries. It will pay you to get my prices before buying. My store is in Russell Heights, a short distance from the new tobacco warehouse.

Mrs. A. L. Garrett.

A Donation Party.

Members of the Methodist Church surprised Rev. R. L. Sleamaker and family last Wednesday night by paying them a substantial visit. All manner of edibles were brought to the dwelling, and as a matter of course the pastor and family were very happily surprised, and were profuse in their thanks for the kindness manifested by the liberal donors.

Just received the newest thing in whip cord top coats. Call and see them.

H. Taylor.

Warning.

To those who have purchased Automobiles and Trucks, and have failed to procure their transfer license, I would suggest that you get busy at once and get your license, and if you have failed to get a bill of sale you had better act double quick, as we will not issue any new license to any one unless you first present your original, or a transfer license for the same. We are now ready to issue all licenses for the year 1923, and to avoid the rush I would advise that you come the first of this month and get your license for the next year.

Respt.,

S. C. Neat, Clerk A. C. C.

Rev H. N. Phillips solemnized the following marriages recently: Allen Karnes to Miss Pearl Butler; William Hatcher to Miss Nona May Karnes; Scott Kemp to Miss Cora Nell Curry.

LOST. Gold class pin. Initial F. B. Florence Etherington.

Mr. J. Mack Frazer has rented the little house in the corner of Finis Rosenbaum's yard, for the winter, and will open a meat shop.

Tapistry Goods of all kinds at Russell & Company.

Sylvan Banks sold, last week, to C. C. Henson and wife, the farm lying near Cane Valley, and known as the old Banks farm, for \$5,800. This is a splendid piece of land of 140 and 1/2 acres, one of the best farms in that neighborhood.

Wanted.

Ash Billets 3x3x39, 15c each. R. L. Wellington, Grader.

50 ft

The Meeting at Methodist Church.

According to a previous announcement a series of meetings were started at the Methodist church last Sunday forenoon and will continue indefinitely, services forenoon and evening.

Rev. L. E. Squires, an evangelist of Louisville, is doing the preaching and he is delivering strong discourses, fighting sin with a vim. Great interest was manifested from the start, and, that interest is growing. All denominations are attending, and evidently the united effort upon the part of the Christians of the town will accomplish great good. Rev. Squires has been in the evangelistic work for some years, and as a revivalist, he has been very successful. It is desired that the congregations meet promptly at 10:30 a. m. and 6:45 in the evening. Delightful song service is being rendered.

LOST, A white spotted dog. The finder, will please give information and receive a reward.

Mrs. J. O. Russell, Columbia, Ky.

To Work for Calumet.

Mrs. Helen Harrington Downing has resigned as Director of the Department of Food Economics of Armour & Co., Chicago, however, has not lost Mrs. Downing who is nationally known as one of the leading Domestic Science experts of the country. She has moved from the big Armour establishment to take charge of the Home Economics Department of the Calumet Baking Powder Co.

Mrs. Downing's new position will afford her a broader field as the Calumet Company have initiated a Domestic Science campaign, for the benefit of American housewives, that practically will touch every home in the United States.

As a lecturer on dietetics, cooking and Domestic Science, Mrs. Downing has appeared before many important Womens' Clubs in the United States. She brings a prestige and wide experience to her new duties.

For reasonable prices on all kinds of repair work on your car, go to,

Ford Service Station, J. M. Callison Prop., Cane Valley, Ky. 6-4t.

Beautiful Home Burns.

The attractive residence of Mr. Vernon Holt which was located on College Hill, Jamestown, was destroyed by fire on Saturday night the 25th ult. It caught from a second story room, and was not discovered by the water brigade in time to save it. A few of the household goods were saved. Mr. Holt's loss is estimated at \$5,000.

Some insurance but not enough to cover the loss.

On Sunday following the above fire, home of Judge Oscar Fair, Liberty, was burned. It caught from a defective flue. When friends arrived upon the scene the dwelling was too far gone to be saved, but most of the contents were gotten out. The loss is estimated at \$2,500, insurance, \$1,500.

See my complete line of Men's Work Clothes before you buy.

H. Taylor.

Kelly Bell has sold his farm, lying near Montpelier, to a man named Page, who lives near Sparksville. The consideration was \$8,000. Mr. Bell, we understand, will remove to Columbia.

A handsome line of Box Stationery at Russell & Co.

Mr. Strother Hynes, of this place, a son of Mrs. W. A. Hynes, won the Rhodes Scholarship. Particulars will be published next week.

A dispatch says that Miss Jennie McFarland was married to Mr. M. L. Norris last Saturday morning at 6:30. Particulars will be published next week.

Community Social.

One of the nicest affairs held in Columbia for many a day, was the community social, held in the High School Gym, Wednesday night. It did not open until after the ball game and continued until 11:30. A large number of the older people were present and many of the younger set. Social converse was engaged in, and the younger set played games, and recitations given. At the proper hour refreshments were served and there was an abundance for the large assembly. Ministers of different churches were present, and were delighted to see the young people enjoy themselves in innocent amusement. It was after eleven o'clock before the breaking up hour, but so enjoyable was the occasion the hour did not seem late.

For Sale.

Farm and country store building, 100 acres; 5-room house; good water; chicken house; wood shed; meat house; good orchard; good barn; tenant house 2-room store building, having warehouse on side. In bad need, neighborhood for store. 10 miles from Campbellsville, in Taylor Co. See, write or telephone,

Burr H. Bowen.

7-2t

Mr. L. C. Winfrey, who has added to and remodeled his residence until it will present an altogether different building. It is not finished yet, but the roof is on and the windows in, and when fully completed it will be one of the most attractive homes in Columbia.

Christmas presents for the children at Russell & Co.

Kellogg, the sign painter, who worked about Columbia and drunk extracts for three weeks, leaving here for Burkesville, turned up at Jamestown. After working at this place a short time it was noticed that he was crazy. An inquest was held and he was sent to Lakeland. The attendant passed through here with him last Tuesday, so we are told.

Wanted.

Hickory Spokes 2 1/2 x 2 1/2 x 29. \$35.00 to \$40.00 per 1,000. 2 1/2 x 2 1/2 x 29, \$25.00 and \$30.00 per 1,000. 1 1/2 x 2 1/2 x 26, \$15.00 per 1,000. Delivered on my yard at the old Spoke mill at Columbia.

Norman Morrison.

5-3t

Distress after eating is due to bad digestion. Herbine helps the digestive process, clears the system of impurities and restores a feeling of vigor and buoyancy of spirits. Price, 60c. Sold by Paul Drug Co. Adv.

Hot Coffee at any hour at Conover's store.

Mr. N. B. Kelsey has sold his stock of groceries to Messrs. John and Rhen Squires, who will take possession about the 15th of this month. They will continue the business at the same stand—basement of Russell & Co.'s store. The Squire's boys are splendid young men, and we predict that they will drive a good business.

Public Sale.

On Dec. 16th, 1922, I will offer for sale my residence at Casey Creek, Ky. A good home for any body. Ideal location for a Doctor. 4-5t

A. F. Scott.

Cottage for rent.

W. F. Cartwright.

To relieve rheumatism sprains, lame back, lumbago or pleurisy. Ballard's Snow Liniment is a remedy of proven merit. It is very powerful and penetrating. Three sizes, 30c, 60c and \$1.20 per bottle. Sold by Paul Drug Co. Adv.

Akin & Son's Chairs sold by Dohoney & Dohoney.

Thanksgiving Services.

Thanksgiving services were largely attended at the Baptist Church, representatives from all the churches in Columbia being present. The discourse was preached by Rev. R. L. Sleamaker, of the Methodist Church, who delivered a very entertaining address. He paid Columbia a high compliment, and spoke of the great work the Churches were doing for the community. He spoke of the great harm a dance hall could do, and warned parents to keep their sons and daughters away from such a place.

Hot Coffee and lunch at Conover's store, just above the new bank.

Just out. The latest thing in slip on and coat sweaters. See them before buying.

L. E. Young.

Receiving Day.

Monday the 11th day of December has been set for receiving Burley tobacco at the new receiving house this place. Remember dark tobacco will not be received on this date, but a later day will be fixed for that purpose and due notice given.

Mr. G. R. Reed has been elected manager of the local house, and he was in Lexington three days of last week, receiving points from the general management. Mr. L. M. Young has been elected book-keeper of the Columbia House. Great things are in store for the benefit of the growers of Adair county. Their tobacco will be handled by experts, hence much larger prices are in sight.

For Sale.

One Grant Six touring car, one Ford Sedan. Both cars in good condition.

Ford Service Station,

J. M. Callison, Prop.,

Cane Valley, Ky.

6-4t

An Old Soldier Dead.

Mr. William Harvey, who lived in the Breeding country, and who was eighty years old, died in the last Tuesday night. He served in the Federal army during the civil war and was a member of an artillery company. He once served his district as magistrate, and was a man who had many friends. He was buried on Wednesday.

Wanted.

A young man that knows something about the blacksmith trade to learn to cut monuments. Steady job. All inside work. Call or write,

Joe C. Simms,

Lebanon, Ky.

6-3t

We learn from the News-Journal that Mayor Houston Quinn, Dr. A. L. Bass and W. T. Baker, all from Louisville, spent several days in Campbellsville and also went out hunting birds, last week. Dr. J. K. Hutchison, nephew of W. R. and R. J. Lyon, drove the car. The party was entertained at the home of Mr. R. J. Lyon.

Good Service.

If you want to save money on your Fisk and new Giant cord tires and tubes go to

Ford Service Station,

J. M. Callison, Prop.,

Cane Valley, Ky.

6-4t

A modern discovery for the rapid healing of flesh wounds, cuts, burns, bruises, sores and scalds is Liquid Borzone. It is a clear, colorless liquid possessing marvelous healing power. Price, 30c, 60c, and \$1.20. Sold by Paul Drug Co. Adv.

Notice.

Upholstering done at Marshall's Undertaker and Cabinet shop.

6-2t

The Strength Of The Pines

by
Edison Marshall
Author of "The Voice of the Pack"
Illustrations by
Irwin Myers



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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—At the death of his foster father, Bruce Duncan, in an eastern city, receives a mysterious message, sent by a Mrs. Ross, summoning him peremptorily to southern Oregon—to meet "Linda."

CHAPTER II.—Bruce has vivid but baffling recollections of his childhood in an orphanage, before his adoption by Newton Duncan, with the girl Linda.

CHAPTER III.—At his destination, Trail's End, news that a message has been sent to Bruce is received with marked displeasure by a man introduced to the reader as "Simon."

CHAPTER IV.—Leaving the train, Bruce is astonished at his apparent familiarity with the surroundings, though to his knowledge he has never been there.

CHAPTER V.—Obedient to the message, Bruce makes his way to Martin's crossroads store, for direction as to reaching Mrs. Ross' cabin.

CHAPTER VI.—On the way, "Simon" sternly warns him to give up his quest and return East. Bruce refuses.

CHAPTER VII.—Mrs. Ross, aged and infirm, welcomes him to her home. She hastens him on his way—the end of "Pine-Needle Trail."

CHAPTER VIII.—Through a country passingly familiar, Bruce journeys, and finds his childhood playmate, Linda.

CHAPTER IX.—The girl tells him of wrongs committed by an enemy clan on her family, the Rosses. Linda, occupied by the clan were stolen from the Rosses, and the family with her, excepting of Aunt Elmira (Mrs. Ross) and herself, wiped out by assassination. Bruce's father, Matthew Folger, was one of the victims. His mother had fled with Bruce and Linda. The girl, while small, had been kidnapped from the orphanage and brought to the mountains. Linda's father had decided his lands to Matthew Folger, but the agreement, which would confute the enemy's claims to the property, has been lost.

CHAPTER X.—Bruce's mountain blood responds to the call of the blood-feud.

CHAPTER XI.—A giant tree, the Sentinel Pine, in front of Linda's cabin, seems to Bruce's excited imagination to be endeavoring to convey a message.

CHAPTER XII.—Bruce sets out in search of a trapper named Hudson, a witness to the agreement between Linda's father and Matthew Folger.

CHAPTER XIII.—A gigantic grizzly, known as the Killer, is the terror of the vicinity, because of his size and ferocity.

CHAPTER XIV.—Dave Turner, sent by Simon, bribes Hudson to swear falsely concerning the agreement, if brought to light, he knowing its whereabouts.

CHAPTER XV.—Hudson and Dave visit the former's trap. A wolf, caught in one, is discovered by the Killer. In the ensuing fight, the brute strikes down Hudson. Bruce, on his way to Hudson, shoots and wounds the Killer, driving him from his victim. Hudson, learning Bruce's identity, tries to tell him the hiding place of the agreement, but death summons him.

CHAPTER XVI.—Simon, believing Bruce knows where the document is concealed, lays plans to trap him.

CHAPTER XVII.—Dave decoys Linda and Aunt Elmira from their home. The man insults Linda and is struck down by the aged woman. Elmira's son has been murdered by Dave, and at her command, after securing Linda, the desperate, Linda leaves them alone.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Returning, Bruce finds a note, presumably from Linda, telling him she has been kidnapped by the Turners.

CHAPTER XIX.—Bruce falls into Simon's trap, and is made prisoner.

CHAPTER XX.—Charging Bruce with attempting to reopen the blood-feud, the clan, after a mock trial, decides to leave him, bound, in a pasture on a spot where the Killer had slain and half eaten a calf the night before. They look for the return of the grizzly and the probable slaying of Bruce by the animal.

CHAPTER XXI.—Bruce, helpless, awaits arrival of the Killer and death.

CHAPTER XXII.—Simon makes Linda an offer of marriage. The girl refuses, telling him she loves Bruce. Enraged, the man brutally strikes her, and leaves. The girl is confident he will go to Bruce, and she follows him.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Her purpose is correct. Simon, visiting his helpless enemy, to gloat over him. With the Killer actually sniffing at Bruce's body, Linda, on horseback, arrives, wounds the animal, and carries her lover away.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Despite their apparent helplessness, Bruce and Linda decide to keep up the fight.

CHAPTER XXV.—Seeking to make her way to Martin's store for ammunition, Linda is fired on and turned back.

CHAPTER XXVI.—The Turner clan, in a terrific thunderstorm, attack the Folger home. The Sentinel Pine is struck by lightning and set on fire.

CHAPTER XXVII.—The noise and flames stampede the attackers' horses and they scatter. In the half-consumed trunk of the giant pine Bruce and Linda find the agreement and sought. At that moment Bruce is shot.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Simon had been a witness to the finding of the paper and it was his rifle that spoke. Linda gets Bruce into the house. He is not badly hurt. Despite the blizzard, the two mount the one horse, with the intention of making their way to the settlements.

CHAPTER XXIX

In the depth of gloom even the wild folk—usually keeping so close a watch on those that move on the shadowed trails—did not see Linda and Bruce ride past.

The darkness is usually their time of dominance; but tonight most of them had yielded to the storm and the snow. They hovered in their covert. What movement there was among them was mostly toward the foothills; for the message had gone forth over the wilderness that the cold had come to stay. The little gnawing folk, emerging for another night's work at filling their larder with food, crept

down into the scarcely less impenetrable darkness of their underground burrows. Even the bears, whose furry coats were impervious to any ordinary cold, felt the beginnings of the cold-trance creeping over them. They were remembering the security and warmth of their last winter's dens, and they began to long for them again.

The horse walked slowly, head near the ground. The girl made no effort to guide him. The lightning had all but ceased; and in an instant it had become apparent that only by trusting to the animal's instinct could the trail be kept at all; almost at once all sense of direction was lost to them. The snow and the darkness obscured the outline of the ridges against the sky; the trail was wholly invisible beneath them.

After the first hundred yards they had no way of knowing that the horse was actually on the trail. While animals in the light of day cannot see nearly so far or interpret nearly so clearly as human beings, they usually seem to make their way much better at night. Many a frontiersman has been saved from death by realization of this fact; and, bewildered by the ridges, has permitted his dog to lead him into camp. But nature has never devised a creature that can see in the utter darkness, and the gloom that enfolds them now seemed simply unfathomable. Bruce found it increasingly hard to believe that the horse's eyes could make out any kind of dim pathway in the pine needles. The feeling grew on him and on Linda as well, that they were lost and aimlessly wandering in the storm.

Of all the sensations that the wilderness can afford, there are few more dreadful to the spirit than this. It is never pleasant to lose one's bearings; and in the night and the cold and miles from any friendly habitation it is particularly hard to bear. Bruce felt the age-old menace of the wilderness as never before. It always seemed to be crouching, waiting to take a man at a disadvantage; and like the gods that first made those whom they would destroy, it doesn't quite play fair. He understood now certain wilderness tragedies of which he had heard; how tenderfoot—lost among the ridges—had broken into a wild run that had ended nowhere except in exhaustion and death.

Bruce himself felt a wild desire to lash his horse into a gallop, but he forced it back with all his powers of will. His calmer, saner self explained that folly with entire clearness. It would mean panic for the horse, and then a quick and certain death, either at the foot of a precipice or from a blow from a low-hanging limb. The horse seemed to be feeling its way, rather than seeing.

They were strange, lonely figures in the darkness; and for a long time they rode almost in silence. Then Bruce felt the girl's breath as she whispered.

"Bruce," she said, "Let's be brave and look this matter in the face. Do you think we've got a chance?"

He rode a long time before he answered. He groped desperately for a word that might bring her cheer, but it was hard to find. The cold seemed to deepen about them, the remorseless snow beat into his face.

"Linda," he replied, "It is one of the mercies of this world for men always to think that they've got a chance. Maybe it's only a cruelty in our case."

"I think I ought to tell you something else. I haven't the least way of knowing whether we are on the right trail."

"I knew that long ago. Whether we are on any trail at all."

"I've just been thinking. I don't know how many forks it has. We might have already got on a wrong one. Perhaps the horse is turned about and is heading back home—toward Simon's stable."

She spoke dully, and he thrust his arm back to her. "Linda, try to be brave," he urged. "We can only take a chance."

The horse plodded a few more steps. "Brave! To think that it is you that has to encourage me—instead of my trying to keep up your spirits. I will try to be brave, Bruce. And if we don't live through the night, my last remembrance will be of your bravery—how you, injured and weak from loss of blood, still remembered to give a cheery word to me."

"I'm not badly injured," he told her gently. "And there are certain things that have come clear to me lately. One of them is that except for you—throwing your own precious body between—I wouldn't be here at all."

The feeling that they had lost the trail grew upon them. Once they halted to adjust the blankets on the

saddle, and they listened for any sounds that might indicate that Simon was overtaking them. But all they heard was the rustle of the leaves under the wind-blown snow.

"Linda," he asked suddenly, "Does it seem to you to be awfully cold?" She waited a long time before she spoke. This was not the hour to make quick answers. On any decision might rest their success or failure.

"I believe I can stand it—a while longer," she answered at last.

"But I don't think we'd better try to. It's getting cold. Every hour it's colder, and I seem to be getting weaker. It isn't a real wound, Linda—but it seems to have knocked some of my vitality out of me, and I'm dreadfully in need of rest. I think we'd better try to make a camp."

"And go on by morning light?"

"Yes."

"But Simon might overtake us then."

"We must stay out of sight of the trail. But somehow—I can't help but hope he won't try to follow us on such a night as this."

He drew up the horse, and they sat in the beat of the snow. "Don't make any mistake about that, Bruce," she told him. "Remember, that unless he overtakes us before we come into the protection of the courts, his whole fight is lost. It doesn't alone mean loss of the estate—for which he would risk his life just as he has a dozen times. It means defeat—a thing that would come hard to Simon. Besides, he's got a fire within him that will keep him warm."

"You mean—hatred?"

"Hatred. Nothing else."

"But in spite of it we must make camp. We'll get off the trail—if we're still on it—and try to slip through tomorrow. You see what's going to happen if we keep on going this way?"

"I know that I feel a queer dread—and hopelessness."

"And that dread and hopelessness are just as much danger signals as the sound of Simon's horse behind us. It means that the cold and the snow and the fear are getting the better of us. Linda, it's a race with death. Don't misunderstand me or disbelieve me. It isn't Simon alone now. It's the cold and the snow and the fear. The thing to do is to make camp, keep as warm as we can in our blankets, and push on in the morning. It's two full days' ride, going fast, the best we can go—and God knows what will happen before the end."

"Then turn off the trail, Bruce," the girl told him.

"I don't know that we're even on the trail."

"Turn off, anyway. As long as we stay together—it doesn't matter."

She spoke very quietly. Then he felt a strange thing. A warmth which even that growing, terrible cold could not transcend swept over him. For her arms had crept under his arms and encircled his great breast, then pressed with all her gentle strength.

No word of encouragement, no cheery expression of hope could have meant so much. Not defeat, not even the long darkness of death itself could appall him now. All that he had given and suffered and endured, all the mighty effort that he had made had in an instant been shown in its true light, a thing worth while, a sacrifice atoned for and redeemed.

They headed off into the thickets, blindly, letting the horse choose the way. They felt him turn to avoid some object in his path—evidently a fallen tree—and they mounted a slight ridge or rise. Then they felt the wet touch of fir branches against their cheeks.

Bruce stopped the horse and both dismounted. Both of them knew that under the drooping limbs of the tree they would find, at least until the snows deepened, comparative shelter from the storm. Here, rolled in their blankets, they might pass the remainder of the night hours.

Bruce tied the horse, and the girl unrolled the blankets. But she did not lay them together to make a rude bed—and the dictates of conventionality had nothing whatever to do with it. If one got more warmth could have been achieved by this, these two would have lain side by side through the night hours between the same blankets. She knew, however, that more warmth could be achieved if each of them took a blanket and rolled up in it; thus they would get two thicknesses instead of one and no openings to admit the freezing air. When this was done they lay side by side, economizing the last atom of warmth.

The night hours were dreary and long. The rain beat into the limbs above them, and sometimes it sifted through. At the first gray of dawn Bruce opened his eyes.

His dreams had been troubled and strange, but the reality to which he awakened gave him no sense of relief. He fought a little battle, lying there under the snow-covered limbs of the fir tree. Because it was one in which no blows were exchanged, no shots fired, and no muscles called into action, it was no less a battle, trying and stern. It was a fight waged in his own spirit, and it seemed to rend him in twain.

The whole issue was clear in his mind at once. The cold had deepened in these hours of dawn, and he was slowly, steadily freezing to death. Even now the blood flowed less swiftly in his veins. Death itself, in the moment, had lost all horror for him; rather it was a thing of peace, of ease. All he had to do was to lie still. Just close his eyes—and life shadows would drop over Linda too.

They would drop over Linda too. She lay still beside him; perhaps they had already fallen. The war he had

waged so long and so relentlessly would end in blissful calm. Outside there was only snow and cold and



At the First Gray of Dawn Bruce Opened His Eyes.

wracking limbs and pain, only further conflict with tireless enemies, only struggle to tear his agonized body to pieces; and the bitterness of defeat in the end. He saw his chances plain as he lay beneath that gray sky. Even now, perhaps, Simon was upon them. Only two little rifle shells remained with which to combat him, and he doubted that his wounded arm would hold the rifle steady. There were weary, innumerable miles between them and any shelter, and only the terrible, trackless forest lay between.

Then why not lie still and let the curtains fall? This was an easy, tranquil passing, and heaven alone knew what dreadful mode of egress would be his if he rose to battle further. All the argument seemed on one side.

But high and bright above all this burned the indomitable flame of his spirit. To rise, to fight, to struggle on. Never to yield until the Power above decreed! To stand firm, even as the pines themselves. The dominant greatness that Linda had found in this man rose in him, and he set his muscles like iron.

He shook off the mists of the frost in his brain. Quickly he knelt by Linda and shook her shoulders in his hands. She opened her eyes.

"Get up, Linda," he said gently. "We have to go on."

She started to object, but a message in his eyes kept her from it. His own spirit went into her. He helped her to her feet.

"Help me roll the blankets," he commanded, "and take out enough food for breakfast. We can't stop to eat it here. I think we're in sight of the main trail; whether we can find it—in the snow—I don't know. We must get farther into the thickets before we stop to eat."

They were strange figures in the snow buries as they went to work to roll the blankets into a compact bundle. The food she had taken from their stores for breakfast he thrust into the pocket of his coat; the rest, with the blankets, she tied swiftly on the horse. They unfastened the animal and for a moment she stood holding the reins while Bruce crept back on the hillside to look for the trail.

The snow swept round them, and they felt the lowering menace of the cold. And at that instant those dread spirits that rule the wilderness, jealous then and jealous still of the intrusion of man, dealt them a final, deadly blow.

Its weapon was just a sound—a loud crash in a distant thicket—and a pungent message on the wind that their human senses were too blunt to receive. The horse suddenly snorted loudly, then reared up. Bruce saw as in a tragic dream the girl struggle to hold him; he saw her pulled down into the snow and the rein jerked from her hand. Then the animal plunged, wheeled and raced at top speed away into the snow furries. Some terror that as yet they could not name had broken their control of him and in an instant, taken from them this one last hope of safety.

CHAPTER XXX

Bruce walked over to Linda, waiting in the snow on her knees. It was not an intentional posture. She had been jerked down by the plunging horse, and she had not yet completely risen. But the sight of her slight figure, her raised white face, her clasped hands, and the remorseless snow of the wilderness about her moved Bruce to his depths.

He saw her but dimly in the snow furries, and she looked as if she were in an attitude of prayer.

He came rather slowly, and he even smiled a little. And she gave him a wan, strange little smile in return.

"We're down to cases at last," he said, with a rather startling quietness of tone. "You see what it means?"

She nodded, then got to her feet.

"We can walk out, if we are let alone and given time; it isn't that we are obliged to have the horse. But our blankets are on its back, and this storm is steadily becoming a blizzard. And you see—time is one thing that we don't have. No human being can stand this cold for long unprotected."

"And we can't keep going—keep warm by walking?"

His answer was to take out his knife and put the point of the steel to

his thumb nail. His eyes strained, then looked up. "A little way," he answered, "but we can't keep our main directions. The sun doesn't even cast a shadow on my nail to show us which is west. We could keep up a while, perhaps, but there is no end to this wilderness and at noon or tonight—the result would be the same."

"It means—the end?"

"If I can't catch the horse, I'm going now. If we can regain the blankets—by getting in rifle range of the horse—we might make some sort of shelter in the snow and last out until we can see our way and get our bearings. You don't know of any shelter—any cave or cabin where we might build a fire?"

"No. There are some in the hills, but we can't see our way to find them."

"I know. I should have thought of that. And you see, we can't build a fire here—everything is wet, and the snow is beginning to whirl so we couldn't keep it going. If we should stagger on all day in this storm and this snow, we couldn't endure the night." He smiled again. "And I want you to climb a tree—and stay there—until I come back."

She looked at him dully. "What's the use, Bruce? You won't come back. You'll chase the thing until you die—I know you. You don't know when to give up. And if you want to come back—you couldn't find the way. I'm going with you."

"No." Once more she started to disobey, but the grave displeasure in his eyes restrained her. "It's going to take all my strength to fight through that snow—I must go fast—and maybe life and death will have to depend on your strength at the end of the trail. You must save it—the little you have left. Since I must take the rifle—to shoot the horse if I can't catch him—you must climb a tree. You know why."

"Partly to hide from Simon if he comes this way. And partly—"

"Because there's some danger in that thicket beyond!" he interrupted her. "The horse's terror was real—besides, you heard the sound. It might be only a puma. But it might be the Killer. Swing your arms and struggle all you can to keep the blood flowing. I won't be gone long."

He started to go, and she ran after him with outstretched arms. "Oh,



"Oh, Bruce," She Cried, "Come Back Soon—Soon. Don't Leave Me to Die Alone."

Bruce," she cried, "come back soon—soon. Don't leave me to die alone. I'm not strong enough for that—"

He whirled, took two paces back, and his arms went about her. He had forgotten his injury long since. He kissed her cool lips and smiled into her eyes. Then at once the furries hid him.

The girl climbed up into the branches of a fir tree. In the thicket beyond a great gray form tacked back and forth, trying to locate a scent that a second before he had caught but dimly and had lost. It was the Killer, and his temper was lost long ago in the whirling snow.

His anger was upon him, partly from the discomfort of the storm, partly from the constant, gnawing pain of three bullet wounds in his powerful body. Besides, he realized the presence of his old and greatest enemy—those still, slight forms that had crossed him so many times, that had stung him with their bullets, and whose weakness he had learned.

And then all at once he caught the scent plain. He lurched forward, crashed again through the brush, and walked out into the snow-swept open. Linda saw his vague outline, and at first she hung perfectly motionless, hoping to escape his gaze. She had been told many times that grizzlies cannot climb, yet she had no desire to see him raging below her, reaching, possibly trying to shake her from the limb.

He didn't seem to see her. His eyes were lowered; besides, it was never the grizzly way to search the branches of a tree. The wind blew the message that he might have read clearly in the opposite direction. She saw him walk slowly across the snow, head lowered, a huge gray ghost in the snow furries not one hundred feet distant. Then she saw him pause, with lowered head.

In the little second before the truth came to her, the bear had already turned. Bruce's tracks were somewhat dimmed by the snow, but the Killer interpreted them truly. She saw too late that he had crossed them,

read their message, and now had turned into the clouds of snow to trace them down.

For an instant she gazed at him in speechless horror; and already the furries had almost obscured his gray figure. Desperately she tried to call his attention from the tracks. She called, then she rustled the branches as loudly as she could. But the noise of the wind obscured what sound she made, and the bear was already too absorbed in the hunt to turn and see her. As always, in the nearing presence of a foe, his rage grew upon him.

Sobbing, Linda swung down from the tree. She had no conscious plan of aid to her lover. She only had a blind instinct to seek him, to try to warn him of his danger, and at least to be with him at the death. The great tracks of the Killer, seemingly almost as long as her own arm, made a plain trail for her to follow. She too struck off into the storm-swept canyon.

And the forest gods who dwell somewhere in the region where the pine tops taper into the sky, and who pull the strings that drop and raise the curtain and work the puppets that are the players of the wilderness dramas, saw a chance for a great and tragic jest in this strange chase over the snow. The destinies of Bruce, Linda and the Killer were already converging on this trail that all three followed—the path that the runaway horse made in the snow. Only one of the great forces of the war that had been waged at Trail's End was lacking, and now he came also.

Simon Turner had ridden late into the night and from before dawn; with remorseless fury he had goaded on his exhausted horse, he had driven him with unflinching strength through coverts, over great rocks, down into rocky canyons in search of Bruce and Linda, and now, as the dawn broke, he thought that he had found them. He had suddenly come upon the tracks of Bruce's horse in the snow.

If he had encountered them farther back, when the animal had been running wildly, he might have guessed the truth and rejoiced. No man would attempt to ride a horse at a gallop through that trailless stretch. But at the point he found the tracks most of the horse's terror had been spent, and it was walking leisurely, sometimes lowering its head to crop off the shrubbery. The trail was comparatively fresh, too; or else the fast-falling snow would have already obscured it. He thought that his hour of triumph was near.

But it had come none too soon. And Simon—out of passion-filled eyes—looked and saw that it would likely bring death with it.

He realized his position fully. The storm was steadily developing into one of those terrible mountain blizzards in which, without shelter, no human being might live. He was far from his home, he had no blankets, and he could not find his way. Yet he would not have turned back if he could. The securing of the document by which Bruce could take the great estates from him was only a trifle now. He believed wholly within his own soul that the wilderness—without his aid—would do his work of hatred for him; and that by no conceivable circumstances could Bruce and Linda find shelter from the blizzard and live through the day. He could find their bodies in the spring if he by any chance escaped himself, and take the Ross-Folger agreement from them. But it was not enough. He wanted also to do the work of destruction.

Even his own death—if it were only delayed until his vengeance was wreaked—could not matter now. In all the ancient strife and fury and ceaseless war of the wild through which he had come, there was no passion to equal this. The Killer was content to let the wolf kill the fawn for him. The cougar will turn from its warm, newly slain prey, in which its white fangs have already dipped, at the sight of some great danger in the thickets. But Simon could not turn. Death lowered its wings upon him as well as upon his enemy, yet the fire in his heart and the fury in his brain shut out all thought of it.

He sprang off his horse better to examine the tracks, and then stood, half bent over, in the snow.

Bruce Folger headed swiftly up the trail that his runaway horse had made. It was, he thought, his last effort, and he gave his full strength to it. Weakened as he was by the cold and the wound, he could not have made headway at all except for the fact that the wind was behind him.

The snow ever fell faster, in larger flakes, and the track dimmed before his eyes. It was a losing game. Terrified not only by the beast that had stirred in the thicket but by the ever-increasing wind as well, the animal would not linger to be overtaken. Bruce had not ridden it enough to have tamed it, and his plan was to attempt to shoot the creature on sight, rather than try to catch it. They could not go forward, anyway, as long as the blizzard lasted. Which way was east and which was west he could no longer guess. And with the blankets they might make some sort of shelter and keep life in their bodies until the snow ceased and they could find their way.

The cold was deepening, the storm was increasing in fury. Bruce's bones ached, his wounded arm felt numb and strange, the frost was getting into his lungs. There was no hope of the storm decreasing, rather it was steadily growing worse. The tracks grew more dim, and he began to be afraid that the falling flakes would cover his own foot-

U. S. REVENUE CUT NEAR \$1,400,000,000

REPEAL AND REDUCTION IN
RATES CALLED FACTOR BY
COMMISSIONER BLAIR

Expenditures For Collecting Taxes
Jumps From 72 Cents for Each \$100
to \$1.07—Shrinkage of Business and
Incomes Another Cause for De-
creased Collections.

Washington.—Federal tax collec-
tions during the fiscal year which en-
ded June 30, 1922, fell off almost
\$1,400,000,000, or 30 per cent, as com-
pared to the previous year, according
to the annual report of the Internal
Revenue Bureau, just issued by Com-
missioner Daniel H. Blair. Income
and profit taxes collected during the
year showed a decrease of \$1,141,000,-
000, or 35 per cent.

Total tax collections for the year
aggregated \$3,197,451,083, compared
to \$4,595,857,061 for 1921, while in-
come and profits tax for 1922
amounted to \$2,086,918,464, against
\$3,228,187,673 the previous year.

Miscellaneous collections arising
from taxation other than that on in-
comes and profits amounted to \$1,110,-
532,618 for 1922, a decrease of \$256,-
086,770, or 19 per cent.

This slump, Mr. Blair declares, was
accounted for mostly by repeal or re-
duction in rates in various taxes pro-
vided for in the revenue act of 1921,
effective January 1, 1922. The net ex-
penditure for collecting taxes for 1922
was \$34,286,651, which was equiva-
lent to \$1.07 for each \$100 collected,
as compared to 72 cents for each \$100
the previous year.

"The difference in the relative cost
of collection for the fiscal year 1921
and 1922," Mr. Blair said, "is due
mainly to the large reduction in the
revenues of 1922 incident to the
shrinkage in business and incomes,
repeal of certain miscellaneous war
taxes and various provisions of the
law such as the amortization of war-
time facilities and the increase in in-
dividual exemptions contained in the
revenue act of 1921, with consequent
reduction in the income-tax liability
of corporations and individuals."

MID-WEST SHAKEN BY QUAKE

Homes Rocked And Windows Shatter-
ed In Missouri, Illinois And
Western Kentucky

St. Louis.—Earth tremors severe
enough to break windows, shake
buildings and rattle dishes were felt
in St. Louis, Southern Illinois, West-
ern Indiana and Western Kentucky,
according to reports here.

At St. Louis University sismograph-
ical observatory, where the tremors
were recorded, attendants described
them as being of "moderate intensity"
between 9:31 and 9:39 o'clock. They
said sismographic indications pointed
to the tremors occurring in a south-
easterly direction. The shock, experts
said, was sudden and of sufficient in-
tensity to cause light damage
in homes. At Mattoon, Ill., windows
of houses were said to have been
broken by the tremors. No actual
damage other than the breaking of
windows and dishes was reported up
to a late hour.

Pastors Called Prophets

Philadelphia, Penn.—University pas-
tors are becoming the "newest order
of prophets." Rev. Warren F. Shel-
don, Secretary of the Joint Committee
on Methodist Work at Tax-Supported
Institutions, told members of the
Board of Home Missions here. "These
prophets are men of vision, consecra-
tion and courage," he declared. Only
by making the church the dynamic
center of every activity of the commu-
nity can it accomplish its full purpose,
Dr. M. P. Burns, of Philadelphia, de-
clared.

Village Appeals for Aid

Baton Rouge, La.—An appeal to
Governor John M. Parker and Fed-
eral authorities for protection against
a threatening invasion by Ku Klux
Klan, of the little town of Merrouge,
in Morehouse Parish, in retaliation of
information given to Department of
Justice investigators, relative to the
disappearance of five persons and re-
ported murder of two citizens, is con-
tained in a statement signed by a
committee of Merrouge residents.

Moving 1,200 Ton Bridge

Pittsburg, Penn.—The 1,200-ton body
of the Jacks Run bridge, connecting
California avenue with Lincoln avenue,
Bellevue, started on the 75-foot jour-
ney to its new location down the
stream. Pedestrian traffic continued
as usual and a host of spectators, in-
cluding hundreds of school children
and officials of the Pittsburgh Railways
Company and the county, were present
to watch the beginning of operations.

Woman, 52, Is Held

Reading, Penn.—Mrs. Elizabeth
Beard was arrested in connection with
the sending of a box of poisoned can-
dies received by Mrs. Annie Chamus, by
mail several days ago. Mrs. Beard,
who is 52 years old, resides near the
Chamus home. She was charged with
"attempted murder." She declined to
make any statement and was being
held pending further investigation.
The authorities say her handwriting
resembled that in a note inside
the candy box.

KING THREATENED; COMMONS ROILED

Red Creates Fierce Uprou in
the British Parliament.

LAUDS THE RUSS SOVIET

Leader of Labor Party Declares Crom-
well Methods Will Be Used to Get
Relief—Heckle Lady
Astor.

London, Nov. 24.—Labor, the new
part of opposition in the British com-
mons, took the floor in earnest in a
commons debate, indicating that the
Labor members intend in the future
to take a dominating part in discus-
sions and decisions. Besides Mr. New-
bould, Scottish communist member,
hoisted the red flag in a long speech
reminiscent of Moscow oratory.

Lauds Nicolai Lenin.
"I am proud to think I belong to
the same movement and under the
same flag as Nicolai Lenin," he said.
This drew the retort, "Why don't
you go to Russia?"

Whereupon the member from Lan-
bury snapped, "Why should he? Why
don't you go?" to the interrupter.

Mr. Newbould said the interruption
did not affect him, as he had been in
rowdy houses before. "If the working
men do not get satisfaction we will
have to deal with you as Cromwell
dealt with your predecessors."

To the ministerial laughter which
greeted this Mr. Newbould taunted:
"You wish tranquillity. Yes, because
your master's voice in Wall street says
tranquillity. You are not going to get it."

Lady Astor Rouses Reds.
Lady Astor drew considerable inter-
ruption from Labor by her statement
that immorality in Russia among
young children was appalling under
Lenin, asking Mr. Newbould to bear
that in mind. To further interruptions
Lady Astor said she could answer
back, but she was tired of the Labor
party assuming the thinking peo-
ple were not interested in the progress
of the country.

"I have much sympathy with them,"
she said, to which labor retorted, "We
don't want your sympathy. Keep it."
"Keep a civil tongue in your heads
until I have finished," she said.
To which the Laborites shouted:
"Keep a civil tongue yourself, miss."

AUTO WRECKS TRAIN; 3 DIE

Locomotive of Fast Mail Train Upsets
After It Hits Stalled Car
at Elmhurst, Ill.

Elmhurst, Ill., Nov. 24.—Two young
men and a girl were killed here in an
automobile-train collision. The auto-
mobile in which they were riding got
beyond control and, crashing through
the gates at the York street crossing of
the Chicago and Northwestern railroad,
came to a stop on the track in the path
of an approaching fast mail train. The
train itself was upset, the engine turn-
ing over and the engineer and fireman
having narrow escapes.

The dead, all of Elmhurst, are:
George Gleck, twenty-three years old,
the driver; William Eblers, twenty-five
years old; Miss Ella Heinemann, twen-
ty-two years old, Ehler's fiancée.

TURK AND RUSS JOIN HANDS

Bolsheviks Are at Lausanne to Obtain
Regime for Straits Giving Otto-
man Control.

Lausanne, Nov. 24.—Turkey and
Russia are here to make common
cause against the other nations of
Europe. There is no longer any doubt
about that. Behind them also, it ap-
pears from what is happening in Lau-
sanne, they have gathered as auxiliaries
all the discontented elements in the
countries now under European control
in Asia and Africa.

TIERNAN IS GIVEN DIVORCE

Gets His Two Daughters, but "Baby
Billy," Repudiated Child,
Goes to Wife.

South Bend, Ind., Nov. 24.—John P.
Tiernan, former Notre Dame university
professor, was granted a divorce from
his wife, Augusta, together with the
custody of their daughters, Irene and
Mary, five and four years old, respec-
tively, while his wife was given the
custody of "Baby Billy," the repudi-
ated child, by Judge Chester Montgom-
ery in Superior Court No. 1.

ALLIED OFFICERS ATTACKED

Bavarian Civilians Armed With Clubs
Injure British Officer at Ingo-
stadt—Not Soldiers.

Berlin, Nov. 24.—British and French
officers of the interallied control com-
mission were attacked on their arrival
for an inspection of a munitions depot
at Ingostadt, Bavaria, by a band of
civilians armed with clubs.

A British officer was injured. No
German soldiers were concerned.

Food Riots In Germany

Berlin, Nov. 23.—Food rioting broke
out in Brunswick. Police fired on the
rioters, wounding several. Troops in
Hanover were called on to suppress
riots against the high cost of living.

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Workmanship, it Has to Give Satisfaction.

Roofing: Galvanized and Painted. A car load of Rub-
ber Roofing just received, good quality at a Fair Price.
Look at it.

WOODSON LEWIS & SON,

GREENSBURG, KENTUCKY.

Win in the East.

If the States carried by Dem-
ocratic candidates at the recent
election this November can be
carried two years hence by a
Democratic candidate for Presi-
dent, that candidate will be
elected, New York, New Jersey,
Indiana, Ohio and Delaware
elected Democratic candidates.
The next Democratic nominee
for President can afford to lose
some of these votes, and still
win easily with the electoral
vote that is assured any Demo-
cratic candidate.

How, then, may the Demo-
cratic party, as a national fac-
tor, so conduct its affairs as to
hold the ground it has won?
The Post believes that query is
not hard to find. It must name
a candidate and formulate a

platform that will appeal to rea-
sonable men and women in the
Eastern and Middle States in
1924. For this battle must be
won in the Eastern and Middle
States, or it will not be won at
all. The West is in rebellion
against the Old Guard of the Re-
publican party, but the West is
wildly radical and will not favor
the policies that a sanely liberal
Democratic candidate might of-
fer. The West may see the be-
ginnings of a third party in 1924,

but it will not, under any circum-
stances, record enough Demo-
cratic electoral votes to enable a
Democratic candidate for Pres-
ident to win over a solid East
and Middle West.

The first great alliance be-
tween the South and the West
was in 1896. The Democratic
party at Chicago, putting behind
it all its traditions, declared for
rag money, and nominated a
Western man, Mr. William J.
Bryan for President. Mr. Bryan
made a gallant fight, and he car-
ried a number of Western States
but he was badly beaten in 1896
and worse beaten on the other
two occasions that he made the
race. It was Mr. Bryan himself
who described the East as an
"enemy country" and the vote
from that section proved that he
was not mistaken.

Against the lessons of the va-
rious Bryan campaigns, we may
place the fact that in 1916 Wood-
row Wilson was re-elected Pres-
ident by the vote of the West.
Mr. Wilson lost in the East but
won in the West. But, as it re-
membered, Mr. Wilson made his
race as a Democrat of the old
school. He stood for a sound fi-
nancial system. He promised
nothing to radicals and conceded
nothing to radicalism. And it
was certain peculiar factors in

the East that caused him to lose
in those States.

Of course, it will be wise for
the next Democratic candidate
for the Presidency to seek all the
support he can find in the West,
but the Post insists that the out-
standing lesson of the recent re-
turns is that the battle of 1924
can be won in the Middle West
and East and nowhere else. The
radical West will not accept a
real Democratic platform in
1924.—Louisville Post.

Gadberry.

The people are about through
gathering corn in this commu-
nity.

Mr. Frank Gadberry is moving
to his new home at Fairplay,

Darnell Brothers are rebuild-
ing their mill which got
burned down a few days ago.

Mrs. Ruby Johnson is spending
this week with her parents at
Glensfork.

Mr. Jim Osborne, of Miami,
was visiting his sister, Miss Ida
Gadberry, Sunday.

Mr. J. L. Darnell and family
and Mrs. Nettie Hamon were
visiting at R. T. Gadberry's Sat-
urday.

Montford, the little son of Mrs.
J. L. Darnell, spent last week

with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and
Mrs. R. T. Gadberry.

Miss Katherine Darnell spent
Saturday and Sunday with Miss
Zelma Morrison.

Mrs. Susie Bays, who has been
visiting at this place for six
months started to her home
Ohama, Nebraska, Saturday.

Mr. Add Aaron was visiting
his daughter, Mrs. Pearl Gad-
berry Sunday night.

Mr. J. Gadberry and family
and Mr. Add Aaron were visiting
Mr. A. Darnell's Sunday night.

Mrs. Susie Bays spent Friday
with Mr. J. A. Darnell.

Mrs. Lela Samuel is on the
sick list.

Mrs. Fannie Potts is some bet-
ter.

Miss Myrtle Gadberry spent
one night last week with her
cousins, Ida and Helen Gadberry.

Everybody reported a nice
time at the party of Mr. J. A.
Darnell Saturday night.

Mrs. Frances Gadberry and
children were visiting at this
place last week.

The Louisville Bar Association
has decided to institute proceed-
ings to disbar Clem Huggins and
Ronald Oldham. Wallace Mc-
Kay was exonerated on similar
charges.

Adair County News

Published On Tuesdays
At Columbia, Kentucky.

J. E. MURRELL, Editor
RS. DAISY HAMLETT, Mgr

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GARNETT TO RUN.

Announcement of the candidacy of former Attorney General James Garnett, of Louisville for the Democratic nomination for Governor is to be expected soon, according to Col. P. H. Callahan, who said, Wednesday night, that he was "confident" that Mr. Garnett would offer.—Louisville Times.

Official returns from the Third Appellate District received at Frankfort show that Judge D. A. McCandless' majority for Judge of the Court of Appeals was 9,015, receiving 34,412 votes to 25,397 cast for Lilburn Phelps Republican. This district was carried by the Republicans in both the Governor's and President's races.

DEMOCRATIC ENTHUSIASM.

Democratic enthusiasm and activity are certain to continue under the stimulus of political developments within the next six months. Thus the victory at the polls on November 7 will prove the beginning of organization and effort that will culminate in a still larger and more significant triumph for the Democratic Party in 1924.

The special session and the subsequent regular session of the Republican Congress promise to be Democratic assets of the first order. The prospect of a new investigation into the election of Truman H. Newberry has prompted him to resign his seat in the Senate. In the place of Senator Townsend, Michigan has chosen a Democrat, Woolbridge N. Ferris.

Defeat or indefinite delays appears to be the coming fate of President Harding's pet project, the ship bonus bill. It was Democratic opposition that makes its failure almost a foregone conclusion, and which saves the country from the results of a ruinous precedent. The public can not help be grateful for this escape from Laskerism, and individual Democrats can not but rejoice in the leadership under which this escape is accomplished.

Democratic governors will take office in twenty states—thirteen of them in the North—on January 1. This eloquent reminder of Democratic success in November will serve also as an inspiration for Democratic victory two years hence.

It is expected by the officials of the Democratic party that the rank and file of Democrats will not slacken the efforts which achieved so large a measure of success this month. They believe that the Democratic state and local organizations will show steady growth in numbers, strength, zeal and activity, and

that the failure of President Harding's Republican Congress, the public condemnation of its inefficiency, the inauguration of Democratic governors and other state officials, and the performance of the big Democratic minority in the Sixty-eighth Congress will serve as so many spurs to Democratic energy and harmony all through the country.

The Adair County News is on perfectly good terms with the young men who were at the head of the dance, given at the Paramount, Theater last Wednesday night. Furthermore we have not heard of any misconduct engaged in by those who participated. Columbia, however, is a school town and parents send their sons and daughters here on account of the high standing of the community for the best of morals. There are many people who do not think that the dance comes in that class, and for that reason the public dance is opposed. On account of the surroundings and the denunciation of such gatherings, hearing the same upon all corners, we hope and trust that there will not be another dance in the community. To stop now would be better for all interested parties. In justice to the students we will say, so far as we have heard, not one attended the above mentioned gathering.

Thanksgiving Day.

Thanksgiving Day in America is traditionally the day upon which Americans are supposed to gather in houses of worship or in their homes and return thanks to the Deity for the blessings He has bestowed upon our country and our people. That these blessings are real and abundant no intelligent person can deny. There has been an infinite amount of misery and suffering in this old world of ours during the last ten years and that misery and suffering have touched America but lightly. The war that shook the world did not reach our shores. There have been no famines here. Our enormous resources are amply sufficient to support our people. Compared with any other part of the world, without a single exception, America has seemed in recent years to be especially favored by God.

It is proper then that we should give thanks for the favors that have been bestowed upon us, and not improper to ask if we are showing the right kind of spirit in our prosperity. In some ways the answer to this question must be yes; in others, no. As a people, Americans are generous. We opened our purses for the relief of Belgium now eight years ago, and we have been giving money freely to aid European distress ever since. This we do as individuals. As a nation, however, we have taken the position that we are not concerned in the readjustment of Europe, and because of our aloofness that readjustment has been delayed.

Other points that may be raised Thanksgiving Day are: Is America contented? Are the blessings that have come to us sufficient? Is the soul of America satisfied with the part America is playing in world affairs today? The Post would answer all of these questions in the negative. A man may not live by

bread alone, and the nation that base its foreign policy on the query, "Am I my brother's keeper?" is not apt to be proud of the position it has taken. Through every stratum of American life there runs today a stream of discontent. Same of that discontent, we may say, is essentially healthy. Very often discontent is the soil of progress. Where we are discontented with the character of education we are giving many of our young people, we are right. And the discontent that is plainly arising in this country against all kinds of special legislation, against laws designed to enrich the many for the benefit of the few is sound. And yet there is something to be regretted in the fretful, almost nagging, attitude of great sections of our people. They are discontented and they do not know exactly why, and above all they do not know what to do to heal their discontent. Contrasted with the troubled conditions that prevail in Europe the waters upon which sail the American ship of State are calm, and yet underneath that calm angry forces are or maybe gathering. We will not do well to be over-complacent in America on Thanksgiving Day. We, too, have our problems to work out and, unless we meet them in the true spirit of America, they may prove more difficult to handle than some believe.—Louisville Post.

Montpelier.

The corn crop is about all in the crib. We have about an average crop.

The wheat crop presents a sorry prospect for a good yield. Too much dry, cool weather for proper germination and growth.

Mr. K. W. Bell sold his farm to Mr. Elbert Page, of Argo, Ill., for \$3,000.

Messrs. Reed Antle and Parvin Reece, who have been in Illinois for some time, have returned home.

Mr. Lucian Jones, of Esto, recently sold his farm to Mr. Bud Kean, of Oklahoma. Price private. The purchaser will not get possession till the autumn of 1923.

Three Russell county precincts, Rowe's, French Valley and Russell Springs, all adjacent to Adair "voted the stock law" by a large majority.

We have but few tobacco raisers in this section, but thanks to the Tobacco Pool they will get about twice as much for their tobacco as they would get if the old dumping process was in vogue. Whether they sell through the pool or to local pin hookers. This cooperative enterprise is a thousand fold the greatest boon that has ever come to the Kentucky farmer and is worthy of his support through thick and thin, but I am sorry to say that the writer has just enough confidence in the average farmer to believe that 90 per cent., would desert the pool if they dared to do so, for the lure of one additional cent from any buyer.

In Berlin laborers are paid more than doctors, teachers or editors.

Lloyd George has been elected President of the Lloyd George Liberals in Parliament.



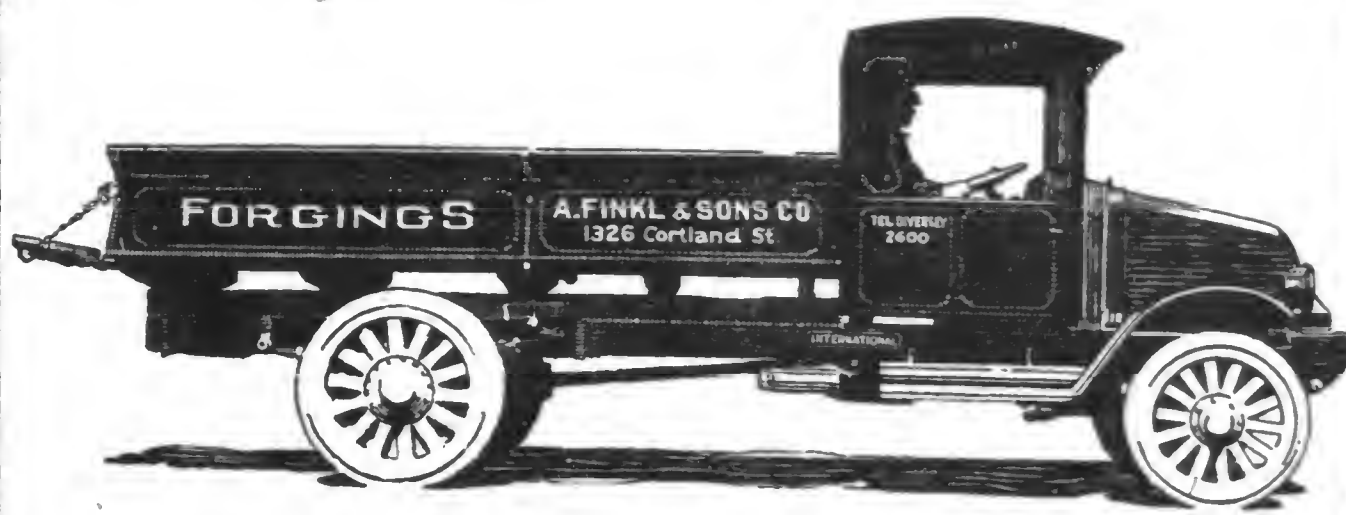
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"STRAIGHT-LINE"
Rubber Footwear

Double the Wear in Every Pair!

The longest wearing Rubber Footwear on the market—that sums up our experience with Goodrich. This splendid always dependable line,—the result of half a century of experience,—is offered in a style for every foot in the family. Heavy and Light Rubber. Gaiters, Arctics and Boots. Comfortable and good-looking—but, buy them for the **DOUBLE** in them.

Dohoney & Dohoney
Columbia, Ky.

INTERNATIONAL · MOTOR · TRUCKS



Four Times a Year Year-In Year-Out

Free inspection—four times a year as long as your trucks last, and the longer they last the better we like it.

That's the insurance policy back of every International Motor Truck put into service, and it's a plan that is gaining new friends and good customers every day.

Free inspection—by factory-trained road engineers every ninety days and a written report on the inspection. That's what keeps Internationals going—year-in year-out with minimum repair expense. That's what makes International the low-cost hauling truck in America and the four corners of the world. Eleven sizes of transportation units from 2000-lb. speed truck to 10,000 lb. freighter. Call, write or phone.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
of America
(Incorporated)

L. R. CHELF

Dealer for Adair, Taylor and Green Counties

FOR · LOW · COST · HAULING

AETNA The Insured Hat



The Emerson Shoe HONEST ALL THROUGH

H. TAYLOR, - Columbia, Ky.

PERSONAL

Mr. Paul Marshall will be in the Louisville market this week, buying Christmas supplies.

Hon. M. Ray Yarberry, of Louisville, was out hunting and visiting relatives and friends here last week.

Mrs. Rollin Patton, of Louisville, was visiting here last week.

Mrs. Alvin Lyon spent last week with her home people at Campbellsville.

Mrs. Lanie Staples, representing Russell and Co., was in Louisville and Cincinnati, last week selecting Christmas supplies.

Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Fraser were called to Christian county, to attend the funeral of an uncle of Mr. Fraser.

Mrs. C. M. Barnett and her little son, Charley, have returned from St. Louis.

Mrs. C. H. Sandusky and son, Henry, and daughter, Effie, and Ira Hutchinson, spent from Wednesday until Sunday with relatives at Harrodsburg. They also attended the football game at Danville, on Thanksgiving.

Mrs. M. R. Yarberry accompanied her husband to Columbia.

Miss Ola Wilson, who spent three months in Campbellsville, has returned home.

Dr. C. M. Russell and family went to Louisville for Thanksgiving.

Mr. W. L. Baker, cashier of the Monticello Bank, his daughter, Miss Virginia, and Miss Mary Tuggle spent Thanksgiving at the home of Mr. Baker's father, Judge H. C. Baker.

Mrs. J. F. Cabell, of Miami, visited her sister, Mrs. W. B. Patten, last week.

Mr. Nathan Montgomery, the oldest son of the late T. W. Montgomery, was in Columbia a few days ago. He has been living in Michigan for some years. His father was one of the best known men in Adair County.

Mr. John Q. Alexander, of Louisville, was here, taking orders, last Wednesday.

Messrs. T. W. Pratt, L. C. Pratt, and L. C. Harvin, of Louisville, were here a few days ago.

Miss Maud Griffith, a former teacher in the High School, this place, is visiting Miss Amelia Dawson.

Mrs. W. F. Cartwright was taken quite ill one night last week, but in a short time she improved, and is now about well.

Mr. E. B. McLean, travelling sales man, was here Thanksgiving, and went from here to Jamestown.

Mr. Bryan Garnett, of Huntington, West Va., who spent several days at home, hunting and fishing, left last Wednesday morning on his return

trip. He stated while here that he was getting along nicely at his place of business. He is doing clerical work for a large corporation.

Mr. C. T. Stults and wife, of Louisville, spent several days here last week.

Mrs. M. C. Winfrey visited her daughter, Mrs. Hugh Sharp, last week.

Mr. Geo. T. Flowers, Jr., was over from Monticello, several days of last week—to see his father and other friends about Columbia.

Miss Allene Montgomery, who teaches at Greensburg, spent Thanksgiving with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Shelby Duvall, Mr. Roy Duvall and wife, all of Albany, visited the homes of Mr. C. H. Campbell and Miss Ada Snow last week.

Mrs. Bettie W. Butler left for Louisville last Thursday where she will spend the winter. Mrs. W. E. Bradshaw came out and accompanied her to the city. It is hoped that her stay in Louisville may be beneficial to her weakened constitution.

Mr. John Sandusky and wife, Harrodsburg, were here the latter part of last week.

Mr. O. C. Pace, a traveling man from Lebanon, was at the Jeffries Hotel a few days ago.

Mr. Sylvester Thornton, of Font Hill, was in Columbia a few days since.

Mr. Wm. Garvin, who is the janitor at the Graded School was quite sick last week.

Mr. John Russell returned from Virginia last Tuesday afternoon. He stated in this office Wednesday morning that he was glad to get back to a country where there is plenty of money.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Reed spent several days in Lexington last week. The former went to consult the General Managers of the Tobacco Co-operative Association.

Mr. L. M. Young, who has been named as the book-keeper for the local tobacco house, was in Lexington last week, getting instructions.

Misses Mary and Mabel Sinclair, of Pellyton, visited friends in Columbia, several days of last week. They were accompanied by Miss Edith Peck, of Little Rock, Arkansas, who is in school at Campbellsville.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Epperson spent the latter part of last week in Danville and Lincoln county.

Mr. R. J. Bishop, of Somerset, was in Columbia recently.

Mr. J. D. Irvin, of Creelsboro, made a business trip to Columbia a few days ago.

See our new line of shirts and neckwear.

L. E. Young.

Wanted.

Ash Billets 3x3x39, 15c each.
R. L. Wethington, Grader.
50 tf

Lost.

Saturday, Nov. 11, I lost my Airdale dog at the toll gate near Green River bridge. He has a bunch of hair cut off his back and is sandy colored. He answers to the name of Sandy or Duffy. I will appreciate it if you will call the News Office.

Barkesdale Hamlett,
Columbia, Ky.

Shoes.

Closing out my entire stock at half price and less.

L. M. Smith,
Cane Valley, Ky.
3-2t

Rev. M. M. McFarland, Enrollment Worker of the Baptist State Board, will be here next Thursday, and will meet the members of the local Baptist church in the afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Wanted

Ash Billets 3x3x39, 15c each.
R. L. Wethington, Grader.
50-tf

wear the Punctureless Hosiery for sale by

L. E. Young.

Farm for Sale.

97 A 70 acres in cultivation. Balance in timber. Price and terms reasonable. See

A. F. Scott, Casey Creek, Ky.
4-5t

A correspondent writes us that Mr. Lum Hill, of Gradyville, met with an accident the other morning that might have been worse. He went to the barn and milked. Returning he accidentally struck a telephone wire, spilled the milk which went all over him, and when he reached his dwelling he could scarcely be recognized for the white foam.

Big line of flannel shirts and underwear with prices right.

L. E. Young.

Notice.

To each and every owner of any Dog of any kind, you are hereby requested to call and settle your tax for the year 1923, as the law directs.

Respt,

S. C. Neat, Clerk Adair County Court

Ozark.

We are having beautiful weather. Most all of our farmers are done gathering corn. There was an abundance of corn made in this section.

Mr. Walker and family have moved to their farm at this place, recently purchased of the Barger heirs.

Mrs. Moriah Powell remains about the same. She is feeble in mind as well as body.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Gabbert visited relatives on Cumberland river, last week.

Mr. W. G. Roy was at Elkhorn, Taylor Co., two days this week. He conveyed Mr. Ernest Burton and family to attend the burial of Mr. Burton's mother, Mrs. Rhoda White.

Mr. George Bryant (Banty), who has been sick for several weeks, is some better. Also Mr. P. M. Bryant, who is in a low state of health, is some better.

Carl, little son of Mr. and Mrs. B. O. Hurt, is in a serious condition. He has inflammatory rheumatism and heart trouble.

Mrs. E. A. McKinley has a felon on her hand. She suffers a great deal.

Miss Etta Bryant was in Co-

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE LAND

As Agent for the heirs of Mattie R. Griffin, Dec'd., I will on the premises, on the Campbellsville and Columbia Turnpike, at Romine, opposite the Confederate monument, in

Taylor County, on

Thursday, December 14, 1922,

At 10:00 a. m. Sharp,

Offer for sale at Public Auction to the Highest and Best Bidder.

91 Acres of Valuable Land

Fronting on said Turnpike, and with county road on one side of it, and on which is a large amount of very valuable timber. This land will be first offered in Five (5) Different Lots—As shown by Survey and Blue Prints which will be shown purchasers; then the entire tract of land will be offered as a whole and the way it brings the most will be the sale—but the Right is Reserved to reject any and all bids.

TERMS—Land will be sold for one-third cash, and the rest on one and two years credit, in equal installments. Bonds Bearing Interest from date with Lien retained on the land, and good personal security required of the purchaser. No timber, except what is used on land to be cut or removed from premises until the second payment is made.

Possession given as soon as bond is executed and accepted.

At the same time and place, at the residence of the decedent, a lot of household and kitchen furniture will be sold—Terms on same made known on day of sale.

Any one wishing to see blue print of land will find same at Romine post office.

W. S. GRIFFIN,

Agent for the heirs of Mattie R. Griffin, Dec'd.

lumbia last Tuesday, having dental work done. Also to consult Dr. Hindman, who is treating her. She is suffering from nervous neuralgia.

Mr. and Mrs. June Montgomery, Mrs. Josh Montgomery, visited at the home of Mr. Jefferson Brockman last Sunday week.

Miss Maud Bryant, who works in a hotel, at Lebanon is getting \$13.00 per week. She was making \$7.00, and some time ago one of the other girls who worked, was taken sick and Maud decided she could do the work of both, so her wages were increased.

Mr. Lucien Price, who has been working in Iowa for two years, is expected home in a few days. Also Mr. Jacob Price and family, who are in Ill., will return to make this their home.

Mr. T. J. Bryant visited his old friend and relative, Mr. A. G. Bailey, a few days ago. Mr. Bailey is quite feeble. He is eighty-nine years old. Mr. Bryant was accompanied by his son-in-law, Mr. Kent Bryant.

Mrs. Nona Bryant and little son, visited Mrs. Sallie Bryant, recently.

Mr. Edgar Ellis and family were guests at the home of Mr. T. J. Bryant recently.

A serious accident occurred at this place last Monday. Mr. Curry was on a wagon, when the team became frightened throwing him to the ground, breaking his leg. Fortunately Dr. Flowers was near visiting a patient. He was called and set the broken limb, and Mr. Curry was conveyed to his home.

Mr. E. A. McKinley, Miss Adie McKinley and Mr. Lone Willis attended the burial of Miss Mollie Breeding, near Absber, last Thursday.



PROPERLY gloved, the finishing touch of a well dressed man. And the Stetson name on the clasp is the best assurance. Stetson gloves of domestic and imported fabrics, kids and leathers offer the proper glove for every purpose and every occasion.

Not only the proper glove, but the best glove that money can buy—and the best part of it all is that Stetson gloves are not high priced. There are Stetson gloves for women and children as well as for men.

Russell & Co.

Columbia, Kentucky.

Coburg.

Hog killing is the season of the day at this place.

A series of meetings began at Kellyville last Sunday. It is being conducted by Rev. Marrs and Gore.

Miss Mollie Morris spent last Tuesday night with Miss Mayme Davis.

Miss Audrey Farris and Mr. J. H. Bennett were married in Jeffersonville last Sunday.

Mrs. W. G. Whitney spent last Tuesday with Mrs. Chas. Morris and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wilson were the week end guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Morris.

The body of Mrs. Sarah Banks reached Campbellsville last Tuesday, and was buried at this place last Wednesday morning. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Marrs, of Campbellsville. Rev. Long and Rev. Coomer, students of L. W. T. State, assisting the latter's parents, at this place.

Mr. Read Heskamp, of Centre College, Danville, was the week end guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Heskamp.

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Whitney and children have recently made a visit to relatives in Allen county.

If you want a chair that will last you a lifetime, see The Akin's Chair at Dohoney & Dohoney.

The Strength of the Pines

By Edison Marshall

Author of "The Voice of the Pack"

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

prints so that he could not find his way back to Linda. And he knew, beyond all other knowledge, that he wanted her with him when the shadows dropped down for good and all. He wanted her arms about him; the fight would be easier then.

"Oh, what's the use?" he suddenly said to the wind. "Why not give up and go back?"

He halted in the trail and started to turn. But at that instant, a banner of wind swept down into his face, and the eddy of snow in front of him was brushed from his gaze. Just for the space of a breath the canyon for a hundred feet distant was partially cleared of the blinding streamers of snow. And he uttered a long gasp when he saw, thirty yards distant and at the farthest reaches of his sight, the figure of a saddled horse.

His gun leaped to his shoulder, yet his eagerness did not cost him his self-control. He gazed quietly along the sights until he saw the animal's shoulder between them. His finger pressed back against the trigger.

The horse rocked down, seemingly instantly killed, and the snow swept in between. Bruce cried out in triumph. Then he broke into a run and sped through the furies toward his dead.

But it came about that there was other business for Bruce than the recovery of his blankets that he had supposed would be tied to the saddle. The snow was thick between, and he was within twenty feet of the animal's body before he glimpsed it clearly again. And he felt the first wave of wonder, the first promptings of the thought that the horse he had shot down was not his, but one that he had never seen before.

But there was no time for the thought to go fully home. Some one cried out—a strange, half-snarl of hatred and triumph that was almost lacking in all human quality—and a man's body leaped toward him from the thicket before which the horse had fallen. It was Simon, and Bruce had mistaken his horse for the one he had ridden.

Even in that instant crisis he did not forget that he had as yet neglected to expel the empty cartridge from the barrel of his rifle and to throw in the other from the magazine. He tried to get the gun to his shoulder, working the lever at the same time. But Simon's leap was too fast for him. His strong hand seized the barrel of the gun and snatched it from his hands. Then the assailant threw it back, over his shoulder, and it fell softly in the snow. He waited, crouched.

The two men stood face to face at last. All things else were forgotten.



The Two Men Stood Face to Face at Last.

sen. The world they had known before—a world of sorrow and pleasures, of mountains and woods and homes—faded out and left no reality except each other's presence.

All about them were the snow furies that their eyes could not penetrate, and it was as if they were two lone contestants on an otherwise uninhabited sphere who had come to grips at last. The falling snow gave the whole picture a curious tone of unreality and dimness.

Bruce straightened, and his face was of iron. "Well, Simon," he said. "You've come."

The man's eyes burned red through the snow. "Of course I would. Did you think you could escape me?"

"It didn't much matter whether I escaped you or not," Bruce answered rather quietly. "Neither one of us is going to escape the storm and the cold. I suppose you know that."

"I know that one of us is. Because one of us is going out—a more direct way—first. Which one that is doesn't much matter." His great hands clasped. "Bruce, when I snatched your gun right now I could have done more. I could have sprung a few feet farther and had you around the waist—taken by surprise. The fight would have been already over. I think I could have done more than that, even—with my own rifle as you came up. It's lying there, just beside the horse."

But Bruce didn't turn his eyes to look at it. He was waiting for the attack.

"I could have snatched your life just as well, but I wanted to wait," Simon went on. "I wanted to say a few words first, and wanted to master you—not by surprise—but by superior strength alone."

It came into Bruce's mind he could tell Simon of the wound near his shoulder, how because of it no fight between them would be a fair test of superiority, yet the words didn't come to his lips. He could not ask mercy of this man, either directly or indirectly, any more than the pines asked mercy of the snows that covered them.

"You were right when you said there is no escaping from this storm," Simon went on. "But it doesn't much matter. It's the end of a long war, and what happens to the victor is neither here nor there. It seems all the more fitting that we should meet just as we have—at the very brink of death—and death should be waiting at the end for the one of us who survives. It's so like this d—d, terrible wilderness in which we live."

Bruce gazed in amazement. The dark and dreadful poetry of this man's nature was coming to the fore. The wind made a strange echo to his words—a long, wild shriek as it swept over the heads of the pines.

"Then why are you waiting?" Bruce asked.

"So you can understand everything. But I guess that time is here. There is to be no mercy at the end of this fight, Bruce; I ask none and will give none. You have waged a war against me, you have escaped me many times, you have won the love of the woman I love—and this is to be my answer." His voice dropped a note, and he spoke more quietly. "I'm going to kill you, Bruce."

"Then try it," Bruce answered steadily. "I'm in a hurry to go back to Linda."

Simon's smoldering wrath blazed up at the words. Both men seemed to spring at the same time. Their arms flailed, then interlocked; and they rocked a long time—back and forth in the snow.

For the first time Bruce had full realization of Simon's mighty strength. With all the power of his body he tried to wrench him off his feet, but it was like trying to tear a tree from the ground.

But surprise at the other's power was not confined to Bruce alone. Simon knew that he had an opponent worthy of the iron of his own muscles, and he put all his terrible might into the battle. He tried to reach Bruce's throat, but the man's strong shoulder held the arm against his side. Simon's great hand reached to pin Bruce's arm, and for the first time he discovered the location of his weakness.

He saw the color sweep from Bruce's face and water drops that were not melted snow come upon it. It was all the advantage needed between such evenly matched contestants. And Simon forgot his spoken word that he wished this fight to be a test of superiority alone. His fury swept over him like a flood and effaced all things else; and he centered his whole attack upon Bruce's wound.

In a moment he had him down, and he struck once into Bruce's white face with his terrible knuckles. The blow sent a strange sickness through the younger man's frame; and he tried vainly to struggle to his feet. "Fight! Fight on!" was the message his mind dispatched along his nerves to his tortured muscles, but for an instant they wholly refused to respond. They had endured too much. Total unconsciousness hovered above him, ready to descend.

Strangely, he seemed to know that Simon had crept from his body and was even now reaching some dreadful weapon that lay beside the dead form of the horse. In an instant he had it, and Bruce's eyes opened in time to see him swinging it aloft. It was his rifle, and Simon was aiming a murderous blow at him with its stock.

There was no chance to ward it off. No human skull could withstand its shattering impact.

But that war of life and death in the far reaches of Trail's End was not to end so soon. At that instant there was an amazing intervention.

A great gray form came lunging out of the snow furies. Their vision was limited to a few feet, and so fast the creature came, with such incredible, smashing power, that he was upon them in a breath. It was the Killer in the full glory of the charge; and he had caught up with them at last.

Bruce saw only his great figure looming just over him. Simon, with amazing agility, leaped to one side just in time, then battered down the rifle stock with all his strength. But the blow was not meant for Bruce. It struck where aimed—the great gray shoulder of the grizzly.

Then, dimmed and half-obscured by the snow furies, there began a strange battle as the great pines above them had often seen. The Killer's rage was upon him; and the blow at the shoulder arrested his charge for a moment only. Then he

wheeled, a snarling, fighting monster, with death for any living creature in the blow of his forearm, and lunged toward Simon again.

It was the Killer at his grandest. Simon had no chance to shoot his rifle. In the instant that he would raise it those great claws and fangs would be upon him. He swung it as a club, striking again and again dodging the sledge-hammer blows and springing aside in the second of the Killer's lunges. He was fighting for his life, and no eye could bemean that effort.

Simon himself seemed exalted, and for once it appeared that the grizzly had found an opponent worthy of his might. They were of one kind, and they seemed to understand each other. The lust and passion and fury of battle were upon them both.

The scene harked back to the young days of the world, when man and beast battled for dominance. Nothing had changed. The forest stood grave and silent, just the same. The elements warred against them from the clouds—that ancient persecution of which the wolf pack sings on the ridge at night, that endless strife that has made of existence a travail and a scourge. Man and beast and storm—those three great foes were arrayed the same as ever. Time swung backward a thousand-thousand years.

The snow seemed to come from all directions in great clouds and furies and streamers, and time after time it wholly hid the contestants from



He Swung It as a Club, Striking Again and Again, Dodging the Sledge-Hammer Blows and Swinging Aside in the Second of the Killer's Lunges.

Bruce's eyes. At such times he could tell how the fight was going by sound alone—the snarl of the Killer, the wild oaths of Simon, the impact of the descending rifle butt. Bruce gave no thought of taking part. Both were enemies; his own strength seemed gone. The cold deepened; Bruce could feel it creeping into his blood, halting its flow, threatening the spark of life within him. The full light of day had come out upon the land.

Bruce knew the wilderness now. All its primitive passions were in play, all its mighty forces at grips. The storm seemed to be trying to extinguish these mortal lives; jealous of their intrusion, longing for the world it knew before living things came to dwell upon it, when its winds swept endlessly over an uninhabited earth, and its winter snows lay trackless and its rule was supreme. And beneath it, blind to the knowledge that in union alone lay strength to oppose its might—to oppose all those cruel forces that make a battleground of life—man and beast fought their battle to the death.

Linda came stealing out of the snow—following the grizzly's trail—and crept beside Bruce. She crouched beside him, and his arm went about her as if to shield her. She had heard the sounds of the battle from afar; she had thought that Bruce was the contestant, and her terror had left a deep pallor upon her face; yet now she gazed upon that frightful conflict with a strange and enduring calm. Both she and Bruce knew that there was but one sure conqueror, and that was Death. If the Killer survived the fight and through the mercy of the forest gods spared their lives, there remained the blizzard. They could conceive of no circumstances whereby further effort would be of the least avail.

The scene grew in fury. The last burst of strength was upon Simon; in another moment he would be exhausted. The bear had suffered terrible punishment from the blows of the rifle stock. He recoiled once more, then lunged with unbelievable speed. His huge paw, with all his might behind it, struck the weapon from Simon's hand.

It shot through the air seemingly almost as fast as the bullets it had often propelled from its muzzle, and struck the trunk of a tree. So hard it came that the lock was shattered; they heard the ring of metal. The bear rocked forward once more and struck again. And then all the sound that was left was the eerie complaint of the wind.

Simon lay still. The brave fight was over. His trail had ended fittingly—in the grip of such powers as were typical of himself. But the bear did not leap upon him to tear his flesh. For an instant he stood like a statue in gray stone, head lowered, as if in a strange attitude of thought. Then the great grizzly uttered a deep note and half-turned about. His eyes rested upon the twin, but he did not seem to see them.

Then he turned again and headed off slowly, deliberately, directly into the face of the storm.

CHAPTER XXXI

The furies almost immediately obscured the Killer's form, and Bruce turned his attention back to Linda. "It's the end," he said quietly. "Why not here as well as anywhere else?"

The horse on which was tied their scanty blankets was miles away by now; its tracks were obscured in the snow, and they could not find their way to any shelter that might be concealed among the ridges.

But before the question was finished, a strange note had come into his voice. It was as if his attention had been called from his words by something much more momentous. The truth was that it had been caught and held by a curious expression on the girl's face. All at once she sprang to her feet.

"Bruce!" she cried. "Perhaps there's a way yet. A long, long chance, but maybe a way yet. Get your rifle—Simon's is broken—and come with me."

Without waiting for him to rise she struck off into the storm, following the huge footprints of the bear. The man struggled with himself, summoned all that was left of his reserve supply of strength, and leaped up. He snatched his rifle from the ground where Simon had thrown it, and in an instant was beside her. Her cheeks were blazing.

"Maybe it just means further torture," she confessed to him, "but don't you want to make every effort we can to save ourselves? Don't you want to fight till the last breath?"

She glanced up and saw her answer in the growing strength of his face. Then his words spoke too. "As long as the slightest chance remains," he replied.

"And you'll forgive me if it comes to nothing?"

He smiled dimly. She took fresh heart when she saw he still had strength enough to smile. "You don't have to ask me that."

"A moment ago an idea came to me—it came so straight and sure it was as if a voice told me," she explained hurriedly. She didn't look at him again. She kept her eyes intent upon the great footprints in the snow. To miss them for a second meant, in that world of whirling snow, to lose them forever. "It was after the bear had killed Simon and had gone away. He acted exactly as if he thought of something and went out to do it—exactly as if he had a destination in view. Didn't you see—his anger seemed to die in him and he started off in the face of the storm. I've watched the ways of animals too long not to know that he had something in view. It wasn't food; he would have attacked the body of the horse, or even Simon's body. If he had just been running away or wandering, he would have gone with the wind, not against it. He was weakened from the fight—perhaps dying—and I think—"

He finished the sentence for her, breathlessly. "That he's going toward shelter."

"Yes, you know, Bruce—the bears hibernate every year. That's my one hope now—that the Killer has gone to some cave he knows about to hibernate until this storm is over. I surmise from the way he started off, so sure and so straight, that it's near. It would be dry and out of the storm, and if we could make a fire that the snow wouldn't put out. It would mean life—and we could go on when the storm is over."

"You remember—we have only one cartridge."

"Yes, I know—I heard you fire. And it's only a thirty-thirty at that. It's a risk—as terrible a risk as we've yet run. But it's a chance."

They talked no more. Instead, they walked as fast as they could into the face of the storm. They walked much more swiftly than the bear, and they could tell by the appearance of the tracks that they were but a few yards behind him.

They soon became aware that they were mounting a low ridge. They left the underbrush and emerged into the open timber. And all at once Bruce, who now walked in front, paused with lifted hand, and pointed. Dim through the furies they made out the outline of the bear. And Linda's inspiration had come true.

There was a ledge of rocks just in front—a place such as the rattlesnakes had loved in the blasting sun of summer—and a black hole yawned in its side. The aperture had been almost covered with the snow, and they saw that the great creature was scooping away the remainder of the white drift with his paw. As they waited, the opening grew steadily wider, revealing the mouth of a little cavern in the face of the rock.

"Shoot!" Linda whispered. "If he gets inside we won't be able to get him out."

But Bruce shook his head, then stole nearer. She understood; he had only one cartridge, and he must not take the risk of wounding the animal. The fire had to be centered on a vital place.

He walked steadily nearer until it seemed to Linda he would advance straight into reach of the terrible claws. The Killer turned his head and saw Bruce. Rage flamed again in his eyes. He half-turned about; then he moved swiftly, easily, to the man's shoulder, his chin dropped down, his straight eyes gazed along the barrel. In spite of his wound never had a human arm held more steady than his old then. And he marked the

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little space of gray squarely between the two reddening eyes.

The finger pressed back steadily against the trigger. The rifle cracked in the silence. And then there was a curious effect of tableau, a long second in which all three figures seemed to stand deathly still.

The bear leaped forward, and it seemed wholly impossible to Linda that Bruce could swerve aside in time to avoid the blow. She cried out in horror as the great paws whipped down in the place where Bruce had stood. But the man had been prepared for this very recoil, and he had sprung aside just as the claws raked past.

And the Killer would hunt no more in Trail's End. At the end of that leap he fell, his great body quivering strangely in the snow. The lead had gone straight home where it had been aimed, and the charge itself had been mostly muscular reflex. He lay still at last, a gray, mammoth figure that was majestic even in death.

No more would the deer shudder with terror at the sound of his heavy



He Marked the Little Space of Gray Squarely Between the Two Reddening Eyes.

step in the thicket. No more would the herds fly into stampede at the sight of his great shadow on the moonlit grass. The last of the Oregon grizzlies had gone the way of all his breed.

To Bruce and Linda, standing breathless and awed in the snow-furries, his death imaged the passing of an old order—the last stand that the forces of the wild had made against conquering man. But there was pathos in it, too. There was the symbol of mighty breeds humbled and destroyed.

But the pines were left. Those eternal symbols of the wilderness—and of powers beyond the wilderness—still stood straight and grand and impassive above them. While these two lived, at least, they would still keep their watch over the wilderness, they would still stand erect and brave to the buffeting of the storm and snow, and in their shade dwell strength and peace.

The cavern that was revealed to them had a rock floor and had been hollowed out by running water in ages past. Bruce built a fire at its mouth of some of the long tree roots that extended down into it, and the life-giving warmth was a benediction. Already the drifting snow had begun to cover the aperture.

"We can wait here until the blizzard is done," Bruce told Linda, as she sat

beside him in the soft glow of the fire. "We have a little food, and we can cut more from the body of the grizzly when we need it. There's dead wood under the snow. And when the storm is over, we can get our bearings and walk out."

She sat a long time without answering. "And after that?" she asked.

He smiled. "You know. It's ten days before the thirtieth—the blizzards up here never last over three or four days. We've got plenty of time to get the document down to the courts. The law will deal with the rest of the Turners. We've won, Linda."

His hands groped for hers, and he laid it against his lips. With her other hand she stroked his snow-wet hair. Her eyes were lustrous in the firelight.

"And after that—after all that is settled? You will come back to the mountains?"

"Could I ever leave them?" he exclaimed. "Of course, Linda. But I don't know what I can do up here—except maybe to establish my claim to my father's old farm. There's a hundred or so acres. I believe I'd like to feel the handles of a plow in my palms."

"It was what you were made for, Bruce," she told him. "It's born in you. There's a hundred acres there—and three thousand—somewhere else. You've got new strength, Bruce. You could take hold and make them yield up their hay—and their crops—and fill all these hills with the herds." She stretched out her arms. Then all at once she dropped them almost as if in supplication. But her voice had regained the old merry tune he had learned to love when she spoke again. "Bruce, have I got to do all the asking?"

His answer was to stretch his great arms and draw her into them. His laugh rang in the cavern.

"Oh, my dearest!" he cried. "The eyes lighted in his bronzed face. "I ask for everything—everything—bold that I am! And what I want worst—this minute—"

"Yes?"

"—Is just—a kiss." She gave it to him with all the tenderness of her soft lips. The snow sifted down outside. Again the pines spoke to one another, but the sadness seemed mostly gone from their soft voices.

[THE END.]

William Brosh, the Chicago millionaire, who was sentenced to the penitentiary for violation of the Illinois antisiducialist act, began his term at Joliet last week.

Senator Hitchcock, speaking in reply to the speech of Clemenceau, says the French statesman desires to dismember Germany and wants to secure the aid of the United States to accomplish it.

Isadora Duncan, a famous Russian dancer, gave an interview to the Courier-Journal, which is very displeasing to the Legion, and may lead to her deportation for Bolshevike propaganda.

Drunk at a roadhouse near Louisville, an automobile ride at fifty miles an hour, ended in the injury of two more men.

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Clemenceau in two speeches Elwood Hamilton, former Col- in New York declared the United States responsible for European unrest by backing out from the Allies after the war was won.

Murphy, Mayor Hylan and other New York Democratic politicians held a conference at French Lick Springs with Tom Taggart and others.

Investigation of the mysterious death of Irvine Henderson, his wife and four small children, points towards their poisoning. They lived at Lancaster, Ohio,

TIMOTHY HEALY



Timothy Healy, familiarly known as "Tim," is said to be likely to be appointed the first governor general of the Irish Free State.

MINE EXPLOSION KILLS EIGHTY-SEVEN WORKERS

Blast Entombs 475 Men in an Alabama Pit—Fire Barks Rescue Parties.

Birmingham, Ala., Nov. 23.—Eighty-five miners are dead, 75 are injured, as a result of the Woodward Iron company mine explosion.

The 75 injured are among 125 men who were removed later through a runway connecting mines 2 and 3. The 87 dead were found in the entries nearest the runway. One group of workers reported bodies were strewn all along the main passageway.

The injured men who were rescued were rushed to Bessemer hospitals. Fifty per cent of them are white.

The explosion was followed by a fire, which obstructed the work of rescue. Many men are believed to have perished in the flames. All the doctors and nurses in the vicinity are caring for the wounded.

JAPANESE YIELD TO CHINA

Troops to Leave Shantung Dec. 1—Military Operations Begun Against the Chinese Bandits.

Peking, Nov. 25.—Japan will vacate Shantung on Dec. 1, making heavy concessions to China.

Military operations have been begun against the band of bandits terrorizing Honan province, and the brigands have threatened to kill the missionaries they have in captivity. The bandits have retreated from the railway zone on the approach of troops. An early release of the foreigners therefore is unlikely.

CLEMENCEAU IS CRITICIZED

"Tigers" Speech in New York Raises Storm in Paris—Lambasted by Newspapers.

Paris, Nov. 23.—The newspapers severely criticize the speech of M. Clemenceau in New York.

"Clemenceau is explaining to America what he could not explain to France," La Liberte asserts.

Journal des Debats says: "Clemenceau is only saying what everyone has known, but it is unfortunate he has had to go to America to defend his actions in France."

DEMONSTRATION IN SENATE

Cheers From the Gallery Greet the Announcement of Senator Newberry's Resignation.

Washington, Nov. 22.—Cheers from the gallery greeted the announcement in the senate that Truman H. Newberry had resigned. President Pro Tem Cummins, one of those who voted last summer to send Newberry, was in the chair. He threatened to have the galleries cleared if the demonstration were repeated.

SENATOR FELTON NOW AN EX

First Woman to Sit in Upper House Closes Senatorial Career of 22 Hours' Service.

Washington, Nov. 23.—The first American woman senator, Mrs. W. H. Felton of Georgia, closed her senatorial career after answering once to her name and making a brief address. Her successor, Walter F. George, was sworn in, and Mrs. Felton became a former senator after an actual service of 22 hours and 25 minutes.

WM. B. LLOYD IN PRISON

Chicago Millionaire, ("Reddest of the Red") Now in the Joliet Penitentiary.

Joliet, Ill., Nov. 22.—William Bross Lloyd of Chicago, millionaire "reddest of the red," who eluded deputy sheriffs for six days after a spectacular escape from his Winnetka home, surrendered at the gates of Joliet penitentiary Tuesday night. He was put in prison uniform at 1 o'clock in the morning.

HARDING DELIVERS SUBSIDY MESSAGE

President Presents Plea to Both Houses in Person.

TRADE FLEET IS NECESSARY

Executive Before the Solons in Plea for Help for the United States Merchant Marine—Special Session Hears Message.

Washington, Nov. 22.—Enactment of the administration merchant marine bill was urged upon congress by President Harding as necessary to relieve the government of present "staggering losses" in operation of the war-built merchant fleet, and to establish a program of assured shipping to serve the nation in war and give a guaranty of commercial independence in time of peace.

Personally addressing a joint session of the house and senate, the executive declared an actual monetary saving to the government would result from the proposed law. He challenged every insinuation of favored interests and the enrichment of the special few at the expense of the public treasury. The legislation, he asserted, automatically guarded against enrichment or perpetual bestowal. The President said in part:

President's Address.

"Members of the Congress: Late last February I reported to you relative to the American merchant marine, and recommended legislation which the executive branch of the government deemed essential to promote our merchant marine and with it our national welfare.

"Other problems were pressing and other questions pending, and for one reason or another, which need not be recited, the suggested legislation has not progressed beyond a favorable recommendation by the house committee. The committee has given the question a full and painstaking inquiry and study, and I hope that its favorable report speedily will be given the force of law.

Would Clear Atmosphere.

"It will be helpful in clearing the atmosphere if we start with the frank recognition of divided opinion and determined opposition. It is no new experience. Like proposals have divided the congress on various previous occasions. Perhaps a more resolute hostility never was manifest before, and I am very sure the need for decisive action—decisive, favorable action—never was so urgent before.

"We are not now dealing with a policy founded on theory; we have a problem which is a grim actuality. We are facing insistent conditions, out of which will come either additional and staggering government losses and national impotence on the seas, or else the unfurling of the flag on a great American merchant marine commensurate with our commercial importance, to serve us as carrier of our cargoes in peace and meet the necessities of our defense in war.

Spent Three Billions.

"There is no thought here and now to magnify the relation of a merchant marine to our national defense. It is enough to recall that we entered the World war almost wholly dependent on our allies for transportation by sea. We expended approximately three billions, feverishly, extravagantly, wastefully and imprudently. Out of our eagerness to make up for the omis- sions of peace and to meet the war emergency we built and otherwise acquired the best merchant fleet, which the government owns today.

"In the simplest way I can say it our immediate problem is not to build and support a merchant shipping which I hold to be one of the highest and most worthy aspirations of any great people. Our problem is to deal with what we now possess. Our problem is to relieve the public treasury of the drain it already is meeting.

Offers Three Solutions.

"Three courses of action are possible and the choice among them is no longer to be avoided.

"The first is constructive. Enact the pending bill under which I firmly believe an American merchant marine privately operated, but serving all the people and always available to the government in any emergency, may be established and maintained.

"The second is obstructive. Continue government operations and at tending government losses and discourage private enterprise by govern- ment competition, under which losses are met by the public treasury, and witness the continued losses and deterioration, until the colossal failure ends in sheer exhaustion.

"The third is destruction. It involves the sacrifice of our ships abroad or the scrapping of them at home, the surrender of our aspirations.

Answer Is Apparent.

"When the question is asked, Why the insistence for the merchant marine act now? the answer is apparent. "It would seem to me doubly humili- ating when we own the ships and fail in the genius and capacity to turn their prowess toward the marts of the world.

"This problem cannot longer be ignored. Its attempted solution cannot longer be postponed. The failure of congress to act decisively will be no less disastrous than adverse action."

SEES PERIL IN LAW VIOLATION

Breakdown of the Prohibition Act Gives Harding Fear.

CABINET PONDERES REMEDIES

President and His Advisers Meet to Talk of Enforcement Failure—May Appeal to Public for Support.

Washington, Nov. 25.—Complete breakdown in liquor law enforcement, bringing with it a contempt for all law and, graver still, a lack of full measured respect for American institutions, is giving President Harding and other administration leaders grave concern. The entire theme of the cabinet session Friday was given to consideration of the failure to make the country measurably dry.

Holds People Accountable.

The cabinet concluded that the people were to be held accountable for the failure rather than the law. An official statement made after the cabinet meeting as to the situation throughout the country as far as prohibition is concerned created a mild sensation in Washington because it was so in contrast with official announcements made over a long period of months by Prohibition Commissioner Haynes, which in every instance proclaimed a growing respect for the law and an increase in sentiment for law enforcement.

Concerned by Disregard.

The concern of the President and his advisers is primarily with the menace to the country seen in the disregard for the prohibition law by otherwise law-abiding citizens.

The cabinet discussed ways and means of strengthening law enforcement and regard for the prohibition laws and the eighteenth amendment. The conclusion was that some form of appeal to the people was necessary. A means is being sought to get the support and help of the conscience-driven, government-loving members of the community that they will not permit or countenance violation of the liquor laws any more than other laws.

STARTS QUIZ ON KU KLUX

Reported Klan Invaded Capitol at Washington in Full Regalia—Congressman Demands Probe.

Washington, Nov. 25.—Congressional investigation of published reports that the Ku Klux Klan had invaded the United States capitol building and in full regalia staged an initiation ceremony was demanded by Representative John W. Rainey, Illinois.

He introduced a joint resolution providing for an investigating committee of three senators and four members of the house. The committee would inquire also into assertions that the state, war and navy and other government buildings have been made use- for Klan ceremonies.

COAL DISTRIBUTION STAYS

Federal Control Must Continue Until January 1, the President Tells Director C. S. Spens.

Washington, Nov. 25.—Federal control of coal distribution must be continued until January 1, President Harding decided. C. S. Spens, federal fuel distributor, called on the President to resign his office, but after discussing the situation agreed to remain in service until that date and to continue in effect the present supervision or a modification of it until the first of the year.

FORMER PASTOR HANGS MAN

Iowa Preacher-Sheriff Springs the Trap on Second Murderer Since Taking Office.

Fort Madison, Ia., Nov. 25.—Sheriff W. E. Rohr, former pastor, performed his second legal execution, springing the trap hanging Orrie Cross, convicted slayer of George Fostick, a Des Moines grocer. Eugene Weeks, who was implicated in the murder of Fostick, was hanged by the former pastor September 15.

WILL RETIRE GOV. HARDING

President Decides Not to Reappoint Head of the Federal Reserve Board.

Washington, Nov. 25.—Following the filing of formal protests by members of the senate farm bloc against the reappointment of W. P. G. Harding as governor of the Federal Reserve board, President Harding has assured members of the bloc that he will defer to their wishes and will not reappoint Mr. Harding.

BOGUS MONEY MAKERS ACTIVE

New Counterfeit \$10 Federal Note Is Warned Against by New York Banks.

New York, Nov. 23.—After several months of inactivity bogus money makers are again at work, and so far as can be learned their present base of operations is in Canada. The New York Federal Reserve bank warns of the appearance of a new counterfeit \$10 Federal Reserve bill.

According to Luke.

The Gospel of the infancy 1:5-2:52. These chapters have often been attacked as unhistorical. The following points are urged against them, viz: that they lack apostolic authority; that they cover ground which popular imagination in the absence of history, would be sure to fill; that they abound in angelic appearances and other marvels; that their form is often highly poetical; and that it is sometimes difficult to reconcile them with Matthew or with known facts of history. To this it may be replied that reserve would keep Christ's mother from making these facts known at first, even the apostles may not have known them at first and if they knew them at first they may have been unwilling to tell until the comparatively late date at which Luke wrote. The dignity, beauty and spirituality of these narratives is strong evidence of their authenticity especially when contrasted with the silly, grotesque and even immoral details in the apocryphal gospels. They abound in historic features and are eminently true to life. That Luke is even at variance with other historians has yet to be proved; and the merits of greater accuracy may still be with him, even such variance exists.

This Gospel of the infancy is made up of seven narratives, in two parallel groups of three: followed by a supplement which connects these two groups with the main body of the Gospel. The first group consists of The Annunciation of the Birth of the Forerunner; The Annunciation of the Birth of the Savior; The visit of the Mother of the Savior to the Mother of the Forerunner. The second consists of The Birth of the Forerunner; The Birth of the Savior; The circum- cision and Presentation of the Savior.

The Boyhood of the Savior connects these six narratives with the main body of the gospel.

The Annunciation of the Birth of the Forerunner 1:5-35. "When John the Baptist appeared, not the oldest man in Palestine could remember to have spoken even in his earliest childhood with any man who had seen a prophet. In these circumstances it was an occurrence of the first magnitude, more important far than war or revolution, when a new prophet appeared" (Ecce Homo ch. 12). The miracles recorded are in keeping with this. God was making a new departure in dealing with his people. We need not, therefore, be startled if a highly exceptional situation is accompanied by exceptional facts. The silence of three centuries is broken again by prophecies and sign to Israel. But there is no violent break with the past in making this new departure. The announcement of the new Prophet is made in the temple at Jerusalem to a priest of the old covenant, who is to be the Prophet's father. The new miracle is prophesied of the new Prophet and that none is attributed to him by his disciples after his appearance is strong evidence of the historic truth of the narrative.

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Jamestown.

Not often seeing anything in your paper from this place we shall endeavor to give a few happenings from this and surrounding territory.

Thanksgiving was observed here by appropriate exercises on the 30th. The many things for which we should be thankful are too numerous to mention.

Carson Faulkenburg and family recently left for Oklahoma where they will make their future home. Mr. Faulkenburg will engage in the oil business. We were very sorry to lose this interesting family as citizens of our town but hope they may enjoy all of life's richest blessings wherever they go.

A sign painter who had been in town for some weeks and gave his name as Paul McQuire, from Indiana, was recently pronounced of unsound mind by a jury and conveyed to Lakeland.

Mrs. Sallie Eastman, wife of G. E. Eastman, merchant at Old Esto, which is located some 3 miles west of town, has been appointed postmaster for that place and is now in charge of the office.

This place can now boast of one of the best school buildings in this part of the State and as a result the town is full of students who are trying to acquire knowledge and prepare themselves for the duties of life. Quite a number of new residences have been built, also; some business houses and other improvements at a rate never before known. Yet there is still room for more improvements. We are badly in need of an electric light plant, more and better hotel facilities, an up-to-date department store and last but not least a stock law to keep up the horses, mules, cows and hogs so that our public square will not be so typical of a barn-yard scene.

On the night of Nov. 25th the residence owned and occupied by Vernon Holt and family and located on S. Main St. just opposite the Jamestown High School building, was consumed by fire. We understand part of the loss is covered by insurance.

It affords us much pleasure to state that County Judge H. W.

Edmonds, Squires J. P. Gaskins, Willie Wilson, Logan C. Blair, and E. (Dink) Mann are officials of which our county should feel proud to say nothing of some of the others. Great improvements have been started under their able leadership, to which everyone should lend their support. More roads have been graded and graveled in Russell county during the past year than ever before known. A movement should be started to complete a pike out of the county and with all of the roads worth the time and money spent in their making. Suppose work will commence on the river this next spring or summer, but we will need more and better roads after the river is locked and damaged.

Almer Reese and wife who lived in Johnson City, Tenn. last year where they held responsible positions are now temporarily located with Mr. Reese's father, Mr. E. L. Reese until they get their up-to-date residence, which they are having erected near the Farmers Woolen Mill completed. Mr. Reese has formed a partnership with his father in the Woolen Mill and they are preparing to overhaul, rebuild and make this well-known institution a complete manufacturing plant. They will generate electricity by the water power and run the machinery by electricity.

December is Best Month to Study Farm Business.

December is the best time of the year for the farmer to study his business, according to W. B. Nichols, head of the farm economics department of the College of Agriculture. At that time field work is over, the yield, quality and market price of the farm products are known and the long nights and weather at this season of the year are such that there is limited time for field work. This gives the farmer a good chance to look back over the year to make an invoice of mistakes and successes and plan ahead for the coming year. The lead pencil used during the winter months to study the farm business and make plans for the new year is the greatest labor saving and profit insuring implement on the farm, Mr. Nichols says.

"Farm profits in 1923 will be determined to a large extent by the care and thought that is used in planning and scheduling the farm work for the year. Successful farmers plan their work at this time of the year and then see to it that their plans work out in the next 12 months. This helps them keep ahead of their work and that is a big item in making the farm pay.

"More farmers each year are adopting the plan of keeping a record through the year of farm work none, weather conditions, dates, dates of killing frost, timely rains, extreme drouths, market variations and other timely data. Many other farmers add to these records by using a simple system to record the receipts and expenditures of the farm business. Such records used in connection with the inventories that more and more farmers are making each year help the farmer make a complete study the farm business.

"Scores of farmers are going farther and charging the costs of labor, materials and other items to the various crops and stock that they were used in connection with. This helps them determine with reasonable accuracy the relative profit of the different farm enterprises. Such calculations need not be exact. On the other hand, estimates can be made roughly and with enough accuracy to be practical. Many successful farmers also are finding that cost account records showing what it costs to produce crops and other farm products, are helpful in making a study of the farm business.

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JOHN WHITE & CO.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Established in 1857

Liberal assortment and

Full Value paid for

Raw Furs



WANTED.

Grey Foxes.

W. S. Hodgen.

Campbellsville, Ky.

Baron Sonnino, one of the Italian Commissioners at the Peace Conference is dead.

Dr. Henry Tuley has resigned as Superintendent of the Louisville City Hospital on account of ill health.

Anthony Sateale, the New York bootlegger king, has been fined \$10,000 and sent to the penitentiary.

Madam Senator Felton, of Georgia, has served her term of one day and has gone back home to her knitting.

Judge Stampers, of Knox county, who is cleaning up the bootleggers recently tried fifty-five in one day.

The News \$1.50 in KY.

Who makes Insurance rates?



You are the supreme dictator of what your insurance rates will be—you and every other man or woman in the country who buys insurance protection.

You help to establish insurance rates by your own care or carelessness.

You help to determine insurance rates by the type of building you choose to live or work in—by the things with which you surround yourself that may start or discourage fire.

Insurance rates must of necessity bear a fixed relationship to the fire waste. They are based on the probable burning ratio of various types of building as indicated by the experience of years. Rates must not only be low enough to bring insurance within reach of everybody but high enough to enable the insurance company to PAY its losses in event of fire.

Your insurance agent may be able to suggest how YOU can reduce your insurance costs. Ask him. It's part of his insurance service to you and your community.

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Frankfort, Ky.

Specialty: Practice in Court of Appeals

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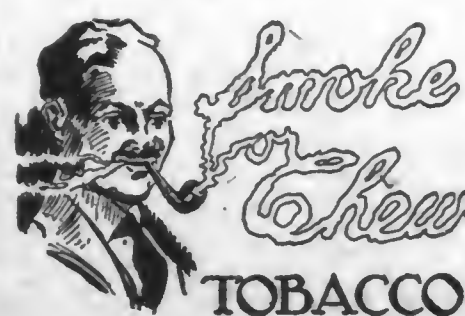
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Office: Second Floor, Court House,

West Side, Adjoining Court Room.

COLUMBIA, KY.

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Try Old Taylor Twist.

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MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

for nose and throat

Give Quick Relief

ABSOLUTE

Auction Sale

Of Farm Land and Personal Property,

December 14,

10 a. m. Sharp; Rain or Shine.

The fine Farm known as the Whittinghill farm, 2½ miles South of Glendean, and 2½ miles Northwest of Falls of Ruff, on Glen Dean & Falls of Ruff Road, in Breckenridge county, Ky. This is a fine tobacco and stock farm and has 85 acres of fine Ruff River Bottom on it, that will grow any thing and there are 240 acres of timber on this farm. 11-room dwelling house. 2 good tenant houses, 4 large barns, Plenty of water, all necessary outbuildings. Terms on Real estate, 1-3 cash, balance in one, two, three years, 6 per cent interest. All of the personal property that it takes to operate a farm of this size will be sold on the same day, such as Farming tools, livestock, corn hay, fodder, household and kitchen furniture. 40,000 feet of lumber on sticks. the above farm contains 560 acres. We are looking and expecting you to be present on that day. If you want to buy or sell see, write or call us. We do a very large public auction business, and sell all over the country, and if you are thinking of selling that is the only way to sell and sell at a good price on short notice. Let US here from you and We will come at our expense to figure with you. There is no proposition too small or too large for US. Reference Farmers National Bank of this city. We can furnish you with any amount of people that we have sold Land for at Public Auction for reference. At the above sale we will have plenty to eat and drink, cash prizes, Daylight Fire works, Balloon Ascension and a number of other entertainments.

A. R. Shoffner & Company, Inc.

Auction Sales a Specialty.

Hodgenville, Ky.

Rear Admiral Rodman, of Kentucky, will retire from the navy in January. He is 64 years old.

Mayor Quin has taken the first move to consolidate the Cumberland and Home Telephone Companies.